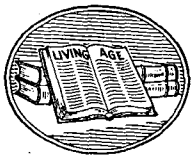
The Living Age

Vol. 303
From Beginning



Vol. 16
Eighth Series

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THE LIVING AGE
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NOVEMBER 22, 1919

JAPAN BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

BY RYUTARO NAGAI

ONE of the two rival forces struggling to get control of the world is Anglo-Saxonism, and the other Bolshevism. The one aspires to make Anglo-American civilization shine over the whole world and the other to reconstruct the social organization of the whole world through a labor revolution.

The Anglo-American spirit in question was clearly seen at work during the early progress of the Peace Conference, as when the British and the United States delegations united in supporting the Chinese claims against the Japanese. It was, indeed, only when Premier Orlando went home in resentment at President Wilson's opposition to the Italian acquisition of Fiume, an event which gave occasion to all the anti-American element to ventilate itself, that through the mediative efforts of Mr. Balfour the Anglo-American combine at the Conference was persuaded to allow Japan's contention. All this while Premier Lloyd George caused the newspapers under his control to attack Japan for what they represented to be her aggressive policy in the Far East.

Again, it was England and America who were most solid in their opposition to Japan's racial equality proposition, so much so that the combine winked at the unfair ruling of President Wilson, who declared it lost although it was supported by twelve votes against six.

In any case it is undoubted that there is a tacit understanding between America and England to go hand in hand in their scheme to bring that world under their combined control.

How long the Anglo-American cooperation will last remains to be seen. True, not all Englishmen are delighted with America's way of asserting herself in international affairs. But the leading men of both countries are conscious that the two Powers gain more by remaining combined than by going back on each other, and at least for some time to come it will be in vain to look for a rupture between them. The present tendency is to give them the power together to dictate to the world.

There should be nothing to cause any anxiety to Japan in this trend of affairs in itself but for the fact that in both countries the tide of ill feelings against Japan is rising.

An American newspaper like the

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Washington *Times* does not hesitate to call Japan the German of the Far East, while that man Hearst has given an order to his editors to try to transfer American feelings of antagonism from Germany to Japan. Senator Lodge even declares that America is ready to fight Japan for the sake of international justice. This shows how intense is anti-Japanese enmity in America.

As to England, Japan seems to rest content with that empty carcass called the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; but many Englishmen find in Japan an enemy rather than a friend, and consider it more beneficial to work in unison with America.

Some Japanese cherish the idea that Japan with England and the United States may dominate the world, but the two Anglo-Saxon nations would say that their alliance is necessary because of the presence in the world of an aggressive Power like Japan. It may be all very wrong to speak of aggressive Japan, but it is none the less indisputable that England and the United States are working together to restrict Japan's activity in the Far East.

Thus is Japan made to feel keenly the Anglo-American pressure on the one side. On the other side is Bolshevism.

After the Napoleonic wars, the Powers of Europe which had overthrown the great conqueror, found themselves powerless against the tide of political revolution, which took its rise in France. Likewise, England, the United States, and the other Powers which crushed the Kaiser's militarism seem now confronted by an irresistible foe in the shape of economic revolution going under the name of Bolshevism, which originated with German writers.

Especially in England the working class is experiencing great hardship, owing to the extraordinary high cost of living, and Bolshevism is apparently making an easy prey of them.

In America, Mr. Gompers with his moderate views, is in concert with capitalistic forces, shutting out the ingress of Bolshevism. Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that the labor elements there are now far more subject to ultra-radical ideas than before the war.

Now the self-same Bolshevism is seeking to stretch its arms into Japan and its ideas and teachings are stealthily but steadily setting their riots in this country.

Thus is Japan face to face with two dangers. But our military element, bureaucrats, and aristocrats, are still dreaming old dreams, and the country is quite out of touch with the great world tendencies.

The ruling few may establish a great Empire covering Chosen, Formosa, and Manchuria. But what is the use of it when the benefits derivable therefrom are usurped by a small class of men through such concerns as the South Manchuria Railway Company and the Oriental Colonization Company?

When the pressure brought to bear by the Anglo-American combine on the one hand and by Bolshevism on the other, is united with the spirit of discontent at home, then Japan will see an upheaval far more serious than the rice riots of last year, and there may follow a second regeneration of the country, as it went through at the time of the Meiji Reformation in consequence of pressure by outside forces.

Chuo Koron, October 6

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A JOURNEY TO MOSCOW AND ITS SEQUEL

BY W. T. GOODE

[EDITORIAL NOTE: An account of Mr. Goode's first attempt to reach the Bolshevist capital appeared in the LIVING AGE for October 18.]

I PASS over the first part of the journey to Moscow — up to Pskov — which I have already described in the account of my first attempt to reach the capital. At Pskov we sought out the Esthonian Commander. He was courteous as usual, but when in course of conversation he recognized me he became keenly interested and promised to do all in his power. While we were talking Colonel Puskar, Commander-in-Chief of this Eastern army, came in and joined in the talk. I had been his guest at Wöru on my visit to the Esthonian front, and he knew me again at once.

Our difficulty was that a strong fight was going on across the line by which we proposed to enter Russia. However, the Commander promised to send us in an automobile to his farthest outpost, Strychkova station, with instructions to the battalion commander there. We, therefore, returned, made up our luggage and food packs, got into the auto, which waited while we ate a shallow and unsubstantial meal, for which we paid 300 rubles, and drove off at a furious pace along the great *chaussée* toward Ostrov.

This frenzied ride came to an end in our being stopped by a Russian officer and piloted by side ways to the very station we were seeking. The commander came to us, but after a few minutes suggested we should go to his quarters and thus escape the curiosity of the peasants. On following him through the station we found a long train on the line, one portion armored, with stores and ammunition wagons — a very serviceable camp on wheels. Two coupés, thrown open, were his quarters, and there we, he, the Russian and his young wife sat and discussed the situation. A stiff fight was going on ahead, we could hear the firing, and as a portion of the line was held by the North Russian Corps he dared not let us pass until he had got into touch by telephone with these, and had made sure that we should not be fired upon at sight.

He gave us coffee and food. After leaving what contributions of tea, sugar, and tobacco we could afford, we got into the car and drove cautiously forward for some versts. At an outpost two soldiers joined us, but our chauffeur was manifestly nervous, and at last I suggested abandoning the car.

We packed our goods on our backs, put up the white flag, and addressed ourselves to the road. With our luggage, food packs, coats, and the flag, we had between 60 and 80 pounds each to carry, and we did not know when or where we might strike the first 'Red' outpost.

No one could or would tell us anything, and it was not till we had toiled over many versts and come upon an obstruction across the road made with telegraph posts that we

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knew we were approaching a military station. But we still had some versts to walk before a peasant working in a cultivated patch at the roadside told us the outpost was on top of the ridge in front. He joined on to us, and offered to supply a horse if one were needed.

On the top of the ridge we found the outpost, a number of young Russian soldiers, and the end of a field telephone. We were promptly searched for arms, and then allowed to drop our packs and squat on the ground to rest, while the leader telephoned to the battalion headquarters. He tried to 'phone the contents of one of our papers, but not very successfully. In the end he gave us two guards, who helped us with our luggage, and sent us across country to headquarters. This meant another tramp through fields and marshes as long as the tramp on the *chaussée*, though the last portion was made a trifle easier by two farm carts which were commandeered at a village. All the time we had been walking the fight was going on around us, and during this last portion the whizzing of Esthonian shells over our heads was added. By the time we reached Gusakowa, the muddy village of the H.Q., it was quite dark. We were taken to one of the hovels, utterly noisome, conducted up a rickety stair to the living room, where were the commander, the commissary, a number of men, and the family, the place dimly seen by the light of a tiny lamp. They offered us no food until the commandant, who went out to telephone to Ostrov, returned, saying that we should certainly break our necks if we went on to Ostrov that night, and that we were to stay in Gusakowa and leave in the early morning. We then got a glass of tea and some bread.

All too soon we were routed out in the morning, and after a hasty cup of milk and a piece of black bread we started off on two farm carts, springless plain boards on which a heap of hay had been thrown, across country by the accommodation dirt road, through village after village, to the main *chaussée* to Ostrov.

We were held up in Ostrov for many hours, first to talk with the commissary, next with the brigade staff, which was located there. There was no difficulty about me. The former telegram of *Laissez passer* which had arrived too late to stop me from recrossing the frontier still existed, and in addition I had now papers which insured that no further hindrance would be offered to me. It remained to secure similar facilities for my companion, and I exhausted myself in arguments with the staff on his behalf. After long hours of waiting, wrangle, and debate the end came, as always, with startling suddenness. Passes were made out as far as Velikie Luki. When we got there we had a long interrogation to endure, long arguments to hold, and again I pressed with every reason I could produce for full permission for both of us to continue our journey. Finally I was taken down to the telegraph room and talked with Moscow, getting a decisive reply that I was to go forward on the morrow and take with me all the papers and credentials of my companion, who was to stay in Velikie Luki until these had been examined and a decision formed.

From the staff we went to a Soviet house, that is, a former hotel, where a bar-room was given to us, and we made from our supplies a scrappy meal. Then trouble began. Mr. Keeling discovered to our horror that his real credentials had either been lost or left in Reval. The position was desperate. After our long and success-

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ful argumentative bouts it looked as if he would fail just at the finish. But he decided to make a statement in writing, and he wrote for some hours a statement, all of which was sealed up on the morrow by the commissary without my having seen it, and handed to me to take to Moscow. There was no help for it. We both recognized that this was the only course to adopt, and in the morning, after waiting a long time for the one samovar of the establishment to travel in the direction of our room, we made a rough breakfast and then divided our food and other supplies.

Hoping to see my companion, Mr. Keeling, in Moscow in some 48 hours, I left for the station in charge of an invalid Lett but recently out of hospital. I took the train for the capital. The journey lasts some fourteen hours, and they were a sorry time for me. I was really ill, and my Lettish companion, though helpful, was not much better, and we were both glad when the city hove in sight, he to be rid of his responsibility and I that I might perhaps rest.

I went from the station to the room which had been allotted to me. All hotels have been nationalized and are now used as government offices or apportioned as homes for ministerial employees and other workers. A number of great houses have also been commandeered and used in the same way. It is quite natural, therefore, that the Soviets, in whose disposal all accommodation rests, should have fixed a room for me to live in while in Moscow.

I had visited Moscow twice before, and was familiar with its appearance and life. My first impression, then, as I crossed the town was bound to be a vivid one. It was more — it was bewildering. I had expected to find evidences of great destruction and a crushed and cowed populace. I certainly did not find the Moscow of my last visit, but I found life going on in an ordinary commonplace way, street markets flourishing, large numbers of people in the streets (the population has increased by 25 per cent), tramcars running, with loads of people hanging on to any excrescence that would give hand and foot hold, and on this first occasion no evidences of destruction. That came later, when I went freely about the city.

Then I discovered streets where the façades of the buildings were chipped by shot, windows pierced by bullets, the holes mended by plaques of glass, in some cases with paper, and at the bottom of one of the boulevards a *carrefour* which was a mass of tumbled brick and ruin, while a row of tall houses on one side was nothing but a skeleton of gutted brick and stone work. This was the result of the rising of the Social Revolutionaries in June last year. But on the whole the destruction was very small when the huge size of the city and the scenes that have taken place there are taken into account.

Churches and monasteries are intact. The Basil Cathedral and the glorious Church of the Redeemer are as splendid as ever; so is the Troitsky Monastery and the Tretiakov Gallery. One thing strikes strangely. The old glitter of the shops is gone. Most of them are boarded up and give a queer, desolate appearance to the line of the streets. But in many cases this was voluntary, since there were no goods to sell. And others were closed by the Soviet when stocks ran low and profiteering of a pestilential kind began in the remaining stocks. These were then commandeered and distributed from the Soviet shops, which are of all kinds and are found in every district. Their number is so large that queues do

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not exist except when certain goods—boots, stuffs for clothes—are sold on cards on days that have been previously fixed and from specified shops. There are Soviet tea houses and restaurants, but some private ones are still open at speculative rates. And a number of small trades which it would not pay to nationalize at present are still in the hands of private persons.

In fact, the socialistic and individualistic forms of distribution go on side by side, since it is not the practice of the Soviet to embark on nationalization of anything until everything is ready for the complete change. Theatres and concert halls are fuller than ever, the workers now having the best chance in the distribution of tickets. But the famous ballet and the still more famous Art Theatre have been left untouched, and for the ballet school special regulations have been made allowing promising aspirants to enter at an age much below the age legally fixed for beginning work. Concerts of excellent music are maintained, and the cost of entrance is small, and theatres for children are run gratuitously in seven different parts of the city every Sunday afternoon.

I missed the Alexander statue in the Kremlin and the Skobelef statue in front of the old Hôtel de Ville, and was informed that they had been carefully dismantled, and would be set up again in a museum, and I noted the efforts of the Soviet in the direction of monuments. The Skobelef statue is replaced by a really imposing monument by the sculptor Andreef. It is a triangular obelisk mounted on a three-sided pedestal, with curved sides, fronted by a splendidly posed female figure with uplifted and outstretched arm. At the foot of the figure is a tiny rostrum from which Kamenev and Lunacharsky made speeches to the huge crowd below at the unveiling ceremony, which I walked to see. On the boulevards the Soviet has placed monuments of famous Russians, some meant to be permanent, others temporary. They are of very unequal merit, and some of them are in a style too ultra-progressive for my taste. But the appeal of the eye is evidently studied.

It may be imagined that as I took in all this my astonishment grew. But one thing made that even greater. I mean the order and security which reigned in Moscow. I have crossed the town on foot at midnight without fear of molestation, accompanied only by a lady with whom I had been to a concert. And again and again I was told by those whose work took them out at all hours of day and night that the security is absolute. And there is no street lighting at night. There are police and armed military in the streets but they are not greatly in evidence, and only twice in a month did I see them arresting anyone—once for an infringement of the laws relating to street selling and in the other case for creating a disturbance.

Open prostitution seems to have disappeared, and, though there are still beggars, the pest to which I was subjected in 1911 is greatly modified, and I understand that steps are to be taken to cause its complete disappearance.

'Moscow is a dead city,' said a man to me in a town which I visited on the way to Kieff. That seems to me to be too strong a statement. There is plenty of movement, plenty of noise, but on the whole life is grayer in tone, duller in flavor, than in the Moscow which I knew a few years ago.

Going to Moscow is not exactly a trip which one would undertake for pleasure. The difficulties and dangers,

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the discomforts and the weariness of getting there, great as I had supposed them to be, are in reality much greater. People may wonder, therefore, what it was which could have induced me to undertake such a journey. To me, however, the reason was simple. In thinking over the problem of Russia it had been borne in on me that a government which could last for nearly two years against the colossal difficulties which have beset and are still besetting it must have some good reason for enduring when the other governments, the Provisional and the Coalition, had failed so disastrously.

Up to the moment of my departure I had heard nothing about the Soviet Republic in which the word 'destructive' did not appear, and yet it seemed to me that whether for good or for evil there must be a constructive side to it. To find out what was the reason of the endurance of the Bolshevist Government and the particular form its constructiveness was assuming seemed to me, therefore, a completely sufficient reason for attempting to reach Moscow. For I felt sure that the thing I wished to arrive at could only be found by personal contact with the government itself. It involved the putting away from one's mind of all preconceived notions gained from newspapers, conversation, and White Books, and studying on the spot the character and mechanism of the government. It involved also a study of the conditions of life, of labor, of education—in a word, of all those constructive processes which make up the economic and social life of a country. It involved an investigation into the conditions of manufactures and transport and, as far as possible, into the conditions of agriculture and the life of the peasant.

I had little hope of being allowed to study the military organization and situation, but as in entering and returning I should have to cross a considerable portion of country, and during my stay in Moscow I must necessarily, if successful, be brought into contact with some phases of the military situation, I thought that even on this point I might secure sufficient information to arrive at an approximate estimate of its scope and value. There was a further point which weighed with me for much. An investigation such as I wished to make would perforce bring me into close contact with the leaders of the government, and possibly with many other men not directly concerned in the government, and this contact would give me an excellent opportunity of studying the men who are responsible for what is going on in Russia to-day. It will be seen, therefore, that I had proposed to myself to study Bolshevism at home in order to discover the secret of its lasting and to estimate, if possible, its chances of continuing to last.

By great good fortune I was successful in reaching Moscow, and once arrived there I drew up a formal programme of work. It is conceivable that a better programme might have been drawn, but imperfect as it was it took me over nearly the whole of the ground I had mapped out for myself when thinking over what I would do were I ever in Moscow. I had made no secret of my intentions. Why should I, since they were completely honorable? They had been discussed, with many friends who were working in the Baltic Provinces, and one and all had agreed that what I wished to do was the very thing which it was important should be done.

There are in the Moscow Government eighteen commissariats—that is to say, eighteen Ministries. I found

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that my programme would bring me into close contact with the departments of thirteen of the most important. Besides that, wherever an opportunity occurred I meant, if possible, to push the investigation into concrete examples of the administration—as, for instance, in the Commissariat of Education to follow up some of their experimental programme, in the Commissariat of Industries to continue my work by investigating the conditions under which factories were run, in the Commissariat of Agriculture to go out and see some of the experiments which this Commissariat has introduced into the agricultural life of Russia. It hardly needs remarking, therefore, that instead of being met with a prearranged scheme of observation, or being taken by the hand round carefully prepared instances of Bolshevist work, I was really a free-lance, acting at my own sweet will and going in directions which I myself had chosen. When I presented my programme it created some surprise, and the remark was made that I had mapped out for myself a very thorough and probably very exhausting scheme of work, but that no hindrance would be placed in my way in carrying it out. My anticipation with regard to the men whom I should see proved correct. I was able to reach nearly all the most important men connected with the movement who were in Moscow, ending with Lenine himself.

Trotzky I did not see. He was in the south, and remained there until after I had left Moscow. Had I met these men in a full conference it is easy to imagine that the whole affair might have been a prearranged show, in which the actors maintained a definite pose and in which I took away from the conference only such carefully selected material as was thought proper to give me. The fact is quite otherwise. I was able to get individual commissaries in their own departments, to make them talk freely about their own work and submit to a cross-examination, which is a quite different matter from a stage-managed conclave. Besides, this method gave me an opportunity of seeing what the organization of the various departments is, while frequently a chance question brought me into contact with sub-departmental heads who assisted me in my further investigations when no commissary was present. Indeed, except on one occasion, I was never in the company of more than one commissary at a time. At times, in reply to my questions, a commissary would say that fell outside his department and that it would be better for me to consult such-and-such a person who was in charge of that particular business. But at other times my question would be freely discussed, and this gave me an opportunity of controlling the statements made at a later stage on the same matter by the individual in charge of the department to which the question referred. This was conspicuously the case, for instance, in my interview with Kamenef, the chief of the Moscow Soviet, who discussed freely with me the Bolshevist judicial system, and thus gave me a valuable criterion for my interview with Kurski, the Commissary of Justice. The interviews and expeditions with the subordinate heads gave me a first-class chance of estimating the quality of the men chosen as agents, while the investigations in factories and agricultural experiments brought me up against men some of whom were by no means completely enamored of the new system and criticized it quite freely. In one case, at least, among these men

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were three men from Lancashire. I mention these things somewhat in detail because attempts have been made to characterize me as a blind and unintelligent fly who walked straight into the spider's web.

In one case, my contact with work outside the government departments proved to be of great importance. It took me to the school where the officials of the district, town, and provincial soviets are prepared, and where also is a school for the special training of propagandists. I spent a long day in this school, and, as I know something of educational work and experiment, it proved for me a day of great illumination. The freedom with which I moved in Moscow enabled me to meet men who had but recently crossed the whole of Siberia, the Caucasus, and the Ukraine, and to get from them valuable information concerning their journeys.

The fact that I was untrammeled allowed me also to form a tolerably just estimate of life in Moscow, its order, its security, and even its pleasures, while the extent of country which I crossed on my four journeys and the freedom of my conversations in trains, on farms, and roads did really give me some knowledge of the conditions existing among the peasants of the west of Russia, besides giving me accurate details of the way in which the land has been cultivated and the prospects of supplies for Russia in the future. As Dr. Johnson told Lord Chesterfield, 'I have done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little,' though in my case it is not so much neglect which is to be apprehended as unreasoning hostility.

I think it is due to my readers that before giving an account of what took me to Moscow and the work I did there I should state what had happened to me between the time when I came out of Russia and my arrival in England.

I arrived in Reval on the second of September, after a journey which for difficulty and danger is unique in my experience. The second and a portion of the third of September were occupied in picking up my effects, sending telegrams to announce my arrival there, and in consultation with the Esthonian authorities, who had assisted me from the moment when I touched the Esthonian outposts. It was on the second also that the interview with the *Times* correspondent and Commander Smithies, of the British Mission, took place, which produced later such very unpleasant results. On the evening of September 3, I was asked to go to the Esthonian Military Staff, where I went, thinking it was intended to hold another consultation such as had been held with every Esthonian staff with whom I came in contact in my progress through the country.

Arrived there, I was kept waiting for two hours, being interviewed, or, at any rate, attempted to be interviewed, by some clerks belonging to the Intelligence Bureau. I protested strongly at the time, but could get no satisfaction, and at the end of the two hours I was brutally told I was arrested. No explanation was given, no reason produced, but I was taken off immediately in a motor car to the Haupt Wachtel — the political prison — and handed over to the officer in charge. This prison is a strong building of two stories, with heavily barred windows and a multiplicity of armed guards. The officer in charge attempted at first to find a place in which to bestow me on the ground floor, among the common soldiers, who were herded together like pigs. Finding no place,

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he took me upstairs, where eleven young officers from the Esthonian and Russian armies were located. I was placed in a cell, about fifteen feet by eight feet, with two young officers. The cell contained two bedsteads but no beds. One of the officers, a youth, had been sleeping during three and a half months on three boards. He had no covering except his thin summer uniform. The other officer had secured a rug. He had been in the cell for eighteen days, but neither of them knew why they had been imprisoned. The only other furniture was a stool, but an iron bedstead was brought in, without any covering at all, for me. The officer tried to induce me to send to the hotel for articles of bedding, the intention being to get from me my keys. This I absolutely refused to do. He then took me downstairs to his office and told me to clear my pockets on to his table. This, again, I refused point-blank to do, on which he threatened to use violence. My reply was that I could not prevent his attempting it, but that I should offer all the resistance in my power. He then changed his tone, and pleaded with me for half an hour with tears in his eyes to give up my keys, and, finding I was obdurate, he at last said he would forego the matter, and I was taken upstairs again.

I had no overcoat, rug, or bedding of any description. It was impossible to sleep on the bedstead like St. Lawrence on his gridiron, and so from eight o'clock in the evening until eight next morning I tramped up and down the twenty-foot corridor outside. My last meal had been taken when I was the guest of the Esthonian Foreign Minister at lunch on the previous day, and during the thirty hours I was in the prison I neither ate nor drank nor slept nor washed. Black bread had been brought round in the morning, but none was given to me, and toward midday a bucket of soup strongly resembling hogwash was brought up, but as I had neither pannikin nor spoon I could eat none of it, even if I had wished. On the evening of my arrest I had extracted a half confession from the officer of the prison that the Esthonian Government was not to blame in the matter of my arrest but the British authorities. On the following morning during a second interview he, in desperation, confessed freely that it was the British authorities who had ordered me to be arrested. I had given to him notes to the British and Esthonian authorities and to personal friends in Reval, but I had no confidence they would be delivered.

On the afternoon of the fourth, by which time the officer of the prison had been changed, I wrote out a formal protest to the Esthonian Government against the unwarrantable arrest of a British subject without reason given, and a letter to the head of the British Mission demanding his presence at the prison to see the sort of thing to which he had condemned me. I also by clandestine methods had got a letter conveyed to a well-known American journalist, who was in Reval, asking him to act on my behalf. At seven o'clock in the evening I went again to the office, and told the officer that if by eight o'clock no one had been to the prison to me I should take action myself, for I had determined to smash the windows on my floor by way of attracting attention to what was being done. In less than half an hour an adjutant from the staff and the commandant of the town drove up and released me. While returning to the hotel the adjutant confessed openly that what had been done had been demanded by the British authorities.

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As soon as I had washed and fed I went to the British Mission to demand explanations. The head of the Mission was not there, I was told, but I saw again Commander Smithies, to whom I strongly denounced the whole proceeding, and from whom I had again a practical confession of what had already been told me by the prison officer and the adjutant. He told me in addition that Admiral Cowan, who is the chief officer in the Baltic, offered as an 'act of courtesy' a destroyer to take me to Helsingfors, since I had lost my passage through my imprisonment. This offer I could not accept as I had much to do, but promised to consider it for the morrow if it were repeated. I then returned to the hotel, and packing together all my papers, the results of my month's work in Moscow, the documents I had brought with me, photographs, letters of prisoners of war, and all the notes, drafts, and copies of my work in Finland and the Baltic provinces, into one large parcel I took it to the Esthonian Foreign Ministry and had it sealed with the diplomatic seal of Esthonia and left it in charge of the Foreign-Minister with instructions concerning its disposal.

On the morrow, the sixth of September, I kept my word and went down to the destroyer Venturous, in which I proceeded, as I thought, to Helsingfors. An hour after lunch, knowing that we should then be getting near to Sveaborg, I went on deck, when Commander Smithies came to me and told me the ship was going to Björkö. To my remark that this was sheer kidnapping, he replied that a wireless message had been received from the admiral during lunch saying that he wished to see me. As there was nothing to be done I had perforce to bear the matter with what grace I could. We arrived at Björkö about seven o'clock in the evening, when I was given a cabin on the hospital ship.

It was not until after service on Sunday that I was taken to the flagship, the Delhi, to see the admiral, and on seeing him I asked him, before any further steps were taken, in what capacity I was present, whether as his guest or as his prisoner. He seemed a little disconcerted, but remarked that he had wished to see me, to which I replied that I had received no invitation but had been carried off on the open sea. He then said I certainly was his guest, on which we sat down and conversed. He asked me many questions, some of which I answered, others I declined to answer. At the close of the interview I was removed from the hospital ship to the light cruiser Danæ, on which I remained until I landed at Sheerness on Monday, September 29. During the whole of the period of three weeks, during which I was detained, I was not allowed once to set foot on shore. My only visit was made to the admiral again after I had learned that stories of my supposed killing by Bolsheviki were circulating in the English press, and I wanted to have a telegram sent home, in order to relieve the minds of my people. I further sent to him, on September 15, a formal protest against my detention without any reason assigned, and calling on him to fulfill the promise made on his behalf to land me at Helsingfors as an 'act of courtesy.' This produced no result. I remained on the Danæ for another fourteen days, and was then brought straight back to England and refused any communication with the shore at Reval, Helsingfors, or Copenhagen. Of the fate of my papers I am yet in doubt, though from the libelous statements which have appeared in the *Times* it is clear that the seal must have been broken and the

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papers examined, if no worse fate has befallen them.

In justice to the officers of the Venturous, the Bernice, and the Danæ, it must be stated that they received me with all possible politeness and good fellowship, and did everything in their power to make my detention as little irksome as possible. The sole exception to this treatment was Commander Smithies, who paid the ill-omened visit to my room in the hotel at Reval in company with the *Times* correspondent, and who afterwards accompanied me on the kidnapping expedition to Björkö.

I have yet to receive any explanation of the gross outrage of my arrest and detention.

The Manchester Guardian, October 6

THREE BRITISH CRITICISMS OF LUDENDORFF

I. BY HILAIRE BELLOC

It is a just criticism, though not necessarily a complaint, to be directed against nearly all memoirs of war that they neglect the military art. They usually err either by being too rhetorical in what should be a severely intellectual process or — much more often — by being too personal.

For those who, like myself, have an interest in military history *per se* (just as one may have an interest in chess or pure mechanics), the first thing attempted when one comes across a military memoir is the discovery therein of certain events, 'key points.' We already know, say, eight factors out of a formula composed of ten factors, but the two unknown factors lend all its interest to the problem.

Now my complaint is that memoirs written by generals as a rule shirk these 'key points,' and I find the memoirs of General von Ludendorff in the English translation which has been placed before me no exception to the rule.

To show how true this is I will take what I think everyone will admit to be three main key points in the story of the war:

(1) The chief point of all, which determines the nature of the victory of the Marne, which gives its shape to the whole war, is this:

Was that victory produced by the smashing of the Prussian Guard by Foch just east of the Marshes of St. Gond in the late afternoon of Wednesday, September 9, 1914, or had a general order of retreat *already* proceeded from German headquarters, and was the fighting in the centre, east of the Marshes of St. Gond, no more than a delaying action after such an order had been given? Well, I turn to the pages before me and I find, to be quite honest, nothing about it!

The only allusion to the matter at all is on page 69 of the English edition, and it has exactly two points and two only in the midst of a mass of generalities: (*a*) A series of remarks which are, so far as military history goes, valueless. The absence of two German Army Corps from the West (the Guard Reserve Corps and the XI Active) 'had made itself felt with

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fatal results.' That belongs to what I shall have to allude to again in this brief notice — the nonsense in the book. It is nonsense to say that the Germans, with their vast numerical superiority, were defeated because of this 3 per cent or, at most, 4 per cent difference in their acting battle-line strength. It is nonsense to say that the extreme right wing ought to have been reinforced by a corps from Alsace-Lorraine. There was not time for a tithe of such a movement. (*b*) A statement on the top of page 70 — 'The order to retreat from the Marne was issued, whether on good grounds or not I have never been able to decide.' But, great heavens! the whole point is *when* that order to retreat was given. We all know that the order was given; it is not worth writing down the mere fact that it was given. The whole view of the history of modern Europe turns upon the hour in which it was given, and the anxious reader, who is really interested in history and not in private affairs, seeing such a sentence reads on and finds no more than that: 'It was obvious the war would now be a long one and require enormous sacrifices.'

(2) The second critical point which I take for my example is the breaking of the Russian lines in Galicia. Here was one of the critical moments of the war. Here it was that there appeared that prime new factor of industrial effort which was so to mark the war. The breaking of the Russian lines at the end of April and beginning of May, 1915, was an historical event of the very first magnitude. It might be compared to the introduction of firearms as against bows and arrows. It was a turning point in military history. It showed that the civilian industrial effort behind an army would in future be a determining factor. We all know that, but what we want to know is exactly *how* that factor proved determinant; for we must attribute the prolongation of the war, the break up of Russia, the ultimate entry of America, and all the vast consequence thereof to this one fatal date in the Spring of 1915. Military history asks exactly what happened; in what way; why the Russian line was broken by instruments which, though novel in their degree, had failed to break the line of the Western Allies. Military history wants to know why the vast superiority — at that moment — of Prussia and her Allies in *matériel*, which was still just as pronounced in the West as in the East, succeeded in the East while it failed in the West.

Well, I turn to this definite technical question, and I learn (on page 140) that Mackensen had 'instructions early in May' to attack and crush the flank of the Russian armies. That is nonsense, for the attack was delivered before the end of April. I learn that Mackensen was a 'distinguished man of great accomplishments, and a brilliant soldier,' which is so much hot air, and that his 'deeds will live in history for all time,' which they will not. I learn that he had 'a keen intellect and a clear judgment,' which is true but not informing. But on the only points of real interest to a military historian — how and why the lines broke — I learn nothing. All I get is (on page 145), 'In the early hours of May 2, General von Mackensen, in a *well-prepared* attack' (my italics), 'brilliantly carried out by the troops, broke through the Russian front on the middle Dunajec.' You might just as well tell me that Wellington and Blücher won the Battle of Waterloo. What military history desires to understand is the *nature* of that capital success which might very

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well have won the war for the enemy. And again we have nothing.

(3) I turn to my third critical point, the nature of the German defeat on the sector of Verdun. The known factors are by this time commonplace: the enemy achieved something of a surprise. His object was to crush in the French lines against the river and so to produce chaos. It was a sort of Friedland on a large scale. It did not come off. The blow was parried on the fourth day at a sufficient distance from the very insufficiently bridged obstacle of the Meuse, and the great Verdun offensive from that moment was a failure. It turned into a mere business of attrition, and, therefore, the rapidly increasing industrial power of the Allies rightly regarded it as a defeat for their opponent. But what checked it? How was it checked? What went wrong? You will not find from Ludendorff's Memoirs any hint of what it was that happened before Verdun. True, he was not himself engaged in that action; but since that action determined, as a second step, the shape of the war, and, next after the Battle of the Marne, determined its final issue, we might expect some view at least of the causes of the breakdown; but we do not get it.

The second volume of Ludendorff's Memoirs presents more points of interest than the first, partly because it deals with the period during which he was the Chief Commander (in reality) on the enemy's side; partly because it deals with certain critical events of which it is absolutely necessary to give some sort of military account, and which cannot be dealt with simply as a piece of politics.

Nevertheless, I find in this second volume, as I did in the first, a deplorable absence of matter for military history; and (for the purposes of military history at least) a much too considerable proportion of domestic criticism. The author would probably reply to such a judgment that he was not writing the book for the service of military history but for the service of his own society, the Prussian officer class, to which he is naturally attached, and in order to point morals for that society and give it a chance of recovery. It is for this reason, for instance, that he always belittles the Austrian Germans and talks artificially of the Prussianized Northern German Empire as a 'nation,' and it is for this reason that he speaks so strongly about the weakening of civilian morale by the Social Democrats — a continual theme throughout his book.

But I cannot help regarding this second volume, as I did the first, from the point of view of military history, and finding it therein exceedingly deficient. If you buy a railway guide you want to know at what time the trains start and arrive. It may have advertisements and even pictures, but they are not the main part of such a work; and I do think that in military memoirs the substance of military history is what the reader has a right to demand.

Everyone will agree that in the second period of the war (1917 and 1918) five points are of special importance to military history:

(1) What was the cause of the breakdown of the great French attack in the spring of 1917?

(2) What caused the enemy success at Caporetto — usually ascribed to the production of a new tactical instrument on the part of the Germans, who profited by the relief the Russian breakdown had given them?

(3) How did the great rupture of the Allied line on the front of the English fifth army in March, 1918, fail? Why was it held up before Amiens?

(4) Why was the subsequent attack

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on the Lys delivered, and what made it fail?

(5) Much the most important of all — what happened on the German side to lead to the breakdown of their front between Soissons and Château Thierry on July 18, 1918, a breach which, as was clear from that moment onward, decided all the rest of the war and made defeat inevitable?

As to the first — the breakdown of Nivelle's attack in 1917 and the defeat of his armies — we get sound general judgment, but no particulars. General Ludendorff describes quite justly (upon page 422) the strategic objects which the French had designed to reach, and which they failed to reach. He also says — what is probably true in the nature of things (though we have as yet no official confirmation of it from the French or British side) — that the British effort on the Vimy Ridge was meant to be the containing effort, and the French effort to the south was meant to be the decisive or turning effort. He justly describes the nature of the French success at the Moronvilliers hills, but he does not (where he should, on page 426) explain exactly *what* the French failure was tactically.

To put the matter in concrete terms: I have myself known men who were present in this great action to ascribe its failure to things as different as bad formation, the improper use of armored offensive mobile weapons; lack of coördination between the right and left; finally (*and this was said on all sides*), it may have been due to gross interference by parliamentarians with the soldiers. On the last point Ludendorff could tell us nothing, but he could tell us a good deal about the others, and he does not. He has one sentence which is interesting but not sufficiently detailed — 'Our losses in men and material were extraordinarily high.' I should have thought — purely *a priori* — that proportionately to the efforts of the offensive the losses of the defensive in that great action were not so severe. If the author means by this sentence that the defensive very nearly came to a breaking point, and if further and more detailed evidence later bears this out, then the general impression now prevailing in France that Parliament was responsible for the defeat would be confirmed.

Upon the second point, that is, Caporetto, we are honestly told nothing at all! I mean nothing more than is common knowledge to the whole world. In the brief description of that tremendous victory the author of these memoirs seems chiefly concerned with running down the southern Germans commanded from Vienna in order to contrast them unfavorably with the northern Germans, to which he himself belongs. Caporetto was not decisive of the war, but it was very nearly decisive. I am confident that when the history of the war is recorded by posterity, Caporetto will stand out as the greatest individual achievement of the war, with the sole exception of Foch's decisive and final counter-blow of July 18, 1918, which won it.

The third point, the great German break through of March, 1918, against the Fifth British Army, is treated with more particularity, as might well be expected, for it was, until July of the same year, by far the chief event of the war. It is curious to note, by the way, that in this description the fog, which was regarded on our side as a great asset to the enemy, seems to have been regarded upon his side as a drawback — but that is a minor point. The really interesting point, however, is to discover why the rush was checked before Amiens, and though Ludendorff tells us here more than he usually does of the enemy's aims and methods

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(pages 598 to 602) he none the less hardly explains that final check. For instance, he tells us nothing whatever — not a single word — about the filling of the gap between the British Fifth Army and the French left, which really did the trick. He does tell us what is interesting, *that even as late as March 28 he himself still counted on getting through and reëstablishing open warfare.* In conclusion we have the despairing phrase: 'It was an established fact that the enemy's resistance was beyond our strength,' but that is not a military explanation. Why was the resistance of an inferior defensive beyond the strength of a superior offensive on this occasion? Was it because communications could not be kept up over the devastated land west of St. Quentin? That may well have been the main reason. Indeed, the German success in bringing up water alone was a marvel. Was it because lack of discipline was already beginning to break down in the German Army? I fancy there was something in that. In the mutual recriminations which have appeared beyond the Rhine, and especially in Ludendorff's own pages, one gets startling admissions which show the inability of the German temper to stand a strain in the fashion in which the western nations can stand it. Read the passage on page 641 about Lichnowsky's Memoirs, or 100 pages earlier, on page 541, the passage upon German morale even before the offensive of 1918. Or, again, read the description of the Divisions melting away through desertion even in the spring of 1918. Or read those remarkable words on page 683: '*The retiring troops meeting a fresh Division going bravely into action shouted out things such as "Blacklegs" and "You are prolonging the war." The officers in many instances had lost their influence and allowed themselves to be swept along with the rest.*' They are but chance revelations, but they are very illuminating.

Next we turn to the question why that strange diversion was made toward the Kennel Hills: the Battle of the Lys, which went so far to exhaust the remaining forces of the enemy after he had failed in his great attack on Amiens.

I think the true explanation has been well put by Major Grasset in his short study on the strategy of Marshal Foch, which forms the preface to the excerpts from that soldier's writings (about to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in a translation which I am just completing). Major Grasset says, briefly, that the enemy could not for the moment again attack on a front of 40,000 yards, so he chose a shorter front of 25,000 yards with the object of crushing in the British left, throwing the British army back on the sea and obtaining the Channel ports. It was a 'strategic second best.' I think I am right in saying that no strategical second best has ever succeeded in the whole history of war.

In his description of the Battle of the Lys the author does make an allusion to the critical point, but not a sufficient one. He says, in the last lines of page 607: 'On the left, at Givenchy and Festubert, we were held up. The result was not satisfactory.' Now that is all right as far as it goes, but it is quite insufficient. The heroic tenacity of one British Division — from Lancashire if I remember right — turned the whole of that affair. The enemy could not push forward thoroughly so long as the neck of his salient remained narrow, and narrow it would remain so long as the corner at Festubert was held against him. It was held, as we know; and to the men who held Festubert in April, 1918, we very largely owe the final victory in this war.

Well, then, one turns from the ac-

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count of the Lys to the account of the final great affair — the German breakdown before Rheims and the famous counter-stroke of July 18, which is one of the few capital dates in the history of Europe.

The German line of attack before it went forward on what was to be the supreme day, July 15, 1918, lay like a broadly open pair of compasses with the ruined town of Rheims in the angle thereof and each limb about 25 miles long. At the extreme right of the right-hand limb a sort of flank guard curled back from Château Thierry to Soissons. It was on that flank that Foch unexpectedly struck and won on the fourth day of the battle. It was as though an army which lay from Croydon to just north of Windsor, and thence round, slightly deflecting from the straight line, to somewhere beyond Newbury, had the task of advancing southward with its western flank covered by a line of troops running north from Newbury across the Downs to Oxford. In the same way the German line lay in front of Rheims in a broad angle, and, beyond Château Thierry, sharply curled round north in a sort of flank guard to Soissons. The Germans meant the main army to go forward on either side of Rheims and the flank between Château Thierry and Soissons to hold. The main army failed to get forward in front of Rheims because the French army, under Gouraud, organized a very thin defensive in depth, quite deceived the attack, and shattered it in the first seven hours. Still they might have held upon their flank. They did not. They were here completely surprised. Foch had secretly accumulated against that flank great forces under Mangin and Degoutte, French and American, and fell upon it with crushing effect; an effect so crushing that from that moment onward the destruction of the German army continued uninterruptedly till the whole Prussian organization, civil and military, had to capitulate.

Now the interesting thing is that Ludendorff tells us in one place that the attack was foreseen. Frankly it is impossible to believe it. Though he assures us the attack was foreseen, I can, I think, from his own text prove a sheer contradiction, and I believe any reasonable student of military history will bear me out. He tells us (on page 666) with regard to the front of the Marne that 'on the 17th (of July) the retreat was fixed for the night between the 20th and the 21st.' I say it is not credible that *in the expectation of an attack between Soissons and Château Thierry on the 18th* a retreat would have been planned for the 20th and 21st. I do not believe, and no one will ever believe that those two assertions can both be true. Either the order for retreat was not given (I think it was) or, much more probable, the imminence of the Franco-American attack in the flank was not foreseen, and came as a great surprise. Ludendorff says, with good proof (upon page 667) that he was opposed to the extraordinary plan which the German General Staff had conceived, after the failure by Rheims, of attacking again in Flanders! At any rate he was at Avesnes at 2 o'clock in the morning of that fatal day, the 18th, and the only new point he gives us as the history of the great surprise (for such I still take it to be) is that a particular German Division which was specially relied upon, southwest of Soissons, broke early against all expectation. He is wrong when he says (upon page 670) that Foch's intention was to cut off the salient. The salient was far too broad for that. Foch's intention was to attack, to dent one side, to compel a rush of enemy troops to aid retirement from the dented salient,

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and then to attack again elsewhere, continuously, uninterruptedly, increasingly; so that the enemy, reeling from the first blow, should not rally, and that intention Foch and the Allies carried out in an unbroken chain of success up to the armistice.

On page 671 Ludendorff tells us that one of the reasons for the breakdown of July 18th was that the men had ceased to believe in the possibility of an attack, and oddly enough, upon this page he does call the movement a surprise. He also blames influenza and monotonous diet; as I said of Caporetto; but such phrases of excuse may always be neglected.

One rises from the description with the general judgment that the enemy was upon that memorable summer morning in the high cornfields of the Upper Ourcq and the Tourdenois completely outmanœuvred, and that his then Chief Commander still bears toward that decisive stroke an attitude of bewilderment.

II. BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. MAURICE

THERE are two Ludendorffs in this book, Ludendorff the soldier and Ludendorff the director of Germany's military policy. The soldier gives us a straightforward and, except where it is marred by expositions of Prussian mentality, a convincing account of the military operations with which he was concerned. The would-be statesman is querulous and insincere; he has learned nothing from defeat, and is occupied in trying to shift the blame for disaster on to the shoulders of others.

The soldier shows himself to us as a deep and earnest student of his profession, a gallant man in action, a skillful organizer, and a tactician of great merit. His weakness was his truly German failure to estimate correctly the forces arrayed against him. He did not appreciate either the power of resistance of the British army or its power of recovery from reverses; he did not appreciate the power of the British navy and of the British mercantile marine and its effect upon the transport of American troops across the Atlantic; he did not appreciate the endurance of France. Writing of the position just prior to America's entry into the war he says: 'Calculations pointed to a result favorable to us. It would thus be necessary, in order to transport 1,000,000 American soldiers in a reasonable time, to employ 5,000,000 tons of shipping space. Such a quantity of shipping, in view of the necessity for maintaining supplies to the Western Powers, could not be spared even temporarily.' We know that at the time of the armistice there were more than 2,000,000 American soldiers in Europe.

That psychological defect of overconfidence when things were, in appearance, going well, which beset all the German generals, vitiated the whole of Ludendorff's spring campaign of 1918. He believed that he could break through the trench barrier in the west, possibly with one, certainly with two or three great blows. There was in his strategy none of Foch's skill of fence, none of the preparation for the knockout blow, such as began on July 18 with the counter-attack in the second battle of the Marne and ended in St. Mihiel. Every blow from March 21 onward, save only von Hutier's abortive attempt to reach Compiègne in June, was meant to be a knockout blow, and was continued to the stage when he got little but heavy loss in return for his attacks. The result, following upon the bitter experiences of the German army in the west in 1917, was that Ludendorff exhausted his

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strength and was led to attempt with insufficient force the desperate gamble of the second battle of the Marne. He had neither the nimbleness of mind nor the imagination which enabled Foch to solve the problem of the trench barrier in the west. Nothing shows his lack of imagination more clearly than his attitude toward the tanks. In a review of the situation at the beginning of 1917, he says: 'The time has not come for us to undertake the construction of tanks.' Even as late as October, 1917, he was of opinion that 'there was no anxiety about tanks. They were not thought to be particularly dangerous.'

He was not able to picture to himself the possibilities of improvement of tanks. Yet the whole experience of the war should have taught him to be less decided in his first condemnation. The aeroplane of 1918 was very different in power and in range from the aeroplane of 1914, and so it was with the tanks and with many other engines of destruction. After the — to him — fatal August 8, we find Ludendorff stating that the number and efficiency of our tanks, and above all their moral effect upon the German troops, were among the great causes of his defeat.

Ludendorff the soldier, who is at his best in his first volume, which is devoted chiefly to the Russian campaign, was a good but not a great general.

In the second volume we see the other Ludendorff, the director of Germany's military policy, and it is not a pleasing picture. The Chancellors with whom he served, Bethmann-Hollweg, Michaelis, Hertling, and Prince Max, are all drags on the German coach, and with them rests the responsibility for Germany's downfall. He shows no inkling that he has any understanding of the crimes and blunders which brought his country to ruin. The invasion of Belgium was a military necessity, and there is nothing more to be said about it. It is ridiculous to suppose that it brought the British Empire into the war, for had not England cunningly planned the downfall of Germany? 'The stories of Belgian atrocities are nothing but clever, elaborate, and widely-advertised legends.' As to unrestricted submarine warfare, 'if submarine warfare in this form could have a decisive effect — and the navy held that it could — then in the existing situation it was our plain military duty to the German nation to embark upon it.' Ludendorff talks much of the morale of his troops, but he appears to have had no conception of the moral forces which the policy of the German General Staff brought into the field against him. In his introduction he tells us truly that 'in this war it was impossible to distinguish where the sphere of the army and the navy began and that of the people ended. Army and people were one. The world witnessed the War of Nations in the most literal sense of that word.' But as the war proceeds and his responsibilities increase he shows himself to us as less and less capable of guiding a nation at war. As a soldier leading a storming party into Liège or directing operations on the Russian front he is entitled to our respect; as a director of war he is contemptible, because he attempted to be a statesman and had not even a rudimentary knowledge of the craft. He exposes, the more effectively because unwittingly, the Achilles heel of militarism *in excelsis*. His second volume ends with a long and involved statement of his quarrels with his government, in which he endeavors to show that the German army was not defeated and that it was the German ministers who shamefully surrendered. But he has no more skill as a controversialist than he had as a statesman, and, though he suppress-

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es important documents which tell against him, he makes it plain that on September 29, when we broke through the Hindenburg line and Foch's great battle had reached its climax, he was a beaten man.

In all this Ludendorff teaches us nothing as to German thought and character which is very new. By far the most interesting feature of his book to us is the tribute which he unconsciously pays to Haig and to the British army. As a people we are prepared to stand any losses in defense. A grim defensive struggle against odds always appeals to us. But we are bitterly critical of loss in an attack which does not give us a visible and compensating advantage. We never murmured at the casualty lists which came home during the defensive battles round Ypres, and we have never troubled to ask who was responsible for our unpreparedness to meet Ludendorff's assaults of the spring of 1918, assaults which cost us far more than we suffered during the same period of time in any other battle of the war. But we have not yet ceased to regard the Somme and Passchendaele as costly failures, while even now we are loth to believe what Haig has told us, and what Ludendorff here tells us, that attack is less costly than defense and is the one and only means of winning victory.

Ludendorff gives us a view of what was happening on 'the other side of the hill,' and makes it as clear as daylight that those struggles exhausted the military strength of Germany, sapped the morale of the German army, and laid the foundations of victory. He draws a gloomy picture of the German position on the Western Front when he first went there in the middlee of the battle of the Somme. 'Not only did our morale suffer, but in addition to fearful wastage in killed and wounded we lost a large number of prisoners and much material.' As to Passchendaele, he gives us one of the chief reasons why Haig fought that battle. He tells us that after the failure of Nivelle's offensive the French War Minister 'admitted in July that the attack had failed with losses as must not be incurred again. The losses were so great that the morale of the army began to suffer and mutinies broke out.' Haig attacked at the end of July to give the French time to recover, and the effect of that attack upon the Germans was, Ludendorff tells us, that 'the battles on the Western Front became more costly and more difficult for us than any which the German army had previously fought.' And again later: 'October came and with it a month which was one of the hardest of the whole war. The world saw Tarnopol, Czernowitz, Riga, Udine, the Tagliamento, and the Piave. It did not see the anxiety in my heart, it did not see my anxiety nor my deep sympathy with the terrible sufferings of our troops on the Western Front.' He ascribes the failure of his March attack to reach Amiens to the 'diminished fighting value' of his troops and to the fact that they were not always under the control of their officers. The losses of Passchendaele could not be replaced by like material.

But it was Haig's victory at Amiens which impressed him most. It has been assumed by many writers that after the second battle of the Marne Ludendorff had decided on a general shortening of his front, and that Haig in August and the early part of September did little more than hasten the retreat of his enemy. Ludendorff makes it clear that retreat was not in his mind till after the battle of Amiens. That battle came upon him like a bolt from the blue: 'August 8 was the black day of the German army in the history

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of this war.' 'August 8 put the decline of our fighting power beyond all doubt, and in such a position as regards reserves I had no hope of finding a strategic expedient whereby to turn the situation to our advantage,' and so depressed was he that he tendered his resignation. It was refused, but on August 14 he told a Crown Council, over which the Kaiser presided, that Germany could not hope to win the war, and that it was necessary to sue for peace. The last chapters of the book deal less with the conduct of the war than with the shortcomings of the German Government and with the responsibility for the acceptance of the terms of armistice; but Ludendorff has already told us more than enough to confirm Foch's opinion that it was chiefly the hammer blows of the British army which forged victory in that last wonderful campaign on the Western Front.

III. BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL REPINGTON

THE memoirs of Chiefs responsible for the conduct of great operations of war must always possess both value and fascination if they are written in a spirit of sincerity. When such memoirs relate to the Great War of 1914–1918, and take us behind the scenes of the most frightful tragedy of history, they become of absorbing interest, and find us all predisposed to read them and to weigh carefully what the writer has to say.

General Ludendorff was *de facto* Commander-in-Chief of the German armies from August 29, 1916, until the close of the war, and was largely responsible for the general direction of the armed forces of Germany's friends. He was not nominally in command. The *Ober-Feldherr des Deutschen Reiches* remained the Kaiser throughout, while during the period of Ludendorff's chief activities Field-Marshal von Hindenburg occupied the position of Chief of the General Staff, as the great Moltke had occupied it in the wars of 1866 and 1870–71. Ludendorff was only First *Oberquartiermeister*, or Sub-Chief of the staff. We do not yet fully know the parts played by the Kaiser and Hindenburg from August, 1916, onward, but it is believed that the Kaiser did not interfere much in the conduct of operations, and that the old Marshal was more a symbol and a figurehead than a real director of the mighty forces under him. He never filled, nor attempted to fill, the place taken by Moltke in the wars that united Germany. He always and very loyally supported Ludendorff and covered him with his authority, but the aspiring spirit and dominating temper of the younger man led him from the first virtually to become the mainspring of all plans and decisions.

If Ludendorff had remained content with his legitimate General Staff duties, his career might have been less meteoric and his fall less portentous, but he might have served his country better. His ardent character led him to interfere in almost every department of state, in which he settled nothing and unsettled everything, and a large part of his memoirs is devoted to matters which are not of the competence of a General Staff at all. Diplomacy, policy, and internal administration of every sort occupy his time, and when he admits that 'one man alone must have the power,' and that 'I alone was responsible,' we find ourselves in the presence of an autocrat who endeavored unsuccessfully to fill a rôle in which even a Napoleon might have failed.

Ludendorff was no Napoleon. He was, like Rüchel, whose character he most resembles, the concentrated es-

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sence of a Prussian. He had all the narrow and exclusive prejudices of his race, brightened a little by the Junker's cult of Fatherland and of Kingship, but militarist to the core, a believer in force as the only remedy, and entertaining always a contempt for democracy and liberalism in all their forms and manifestations. He was hard-working, technically competent in the science of war, but wooden and without grandeur. So long as things went well he was lauded to the skies. But when things went ill his unfinished education in the arts of empire and of the government of men came out strongly, and his nerve did not stand the test of defeat.

His memoirs do not give us the true explanations of his military failures. They are full of complaints of the incompetence of German statesmanship and of the bad behavior of the German people. That Germany badly needed a Bismarck, and never found one, goes without saying. But if Ludendorff had studied German statesmanship as closely as we had, he could safely have counted upon it to make every mistake possible. Bethmann-Hollweg, with his immortal fatuity about the 'scrap of paper,' and the row of dummies who succeeded him in the Chancellorship, are shades that flit across the stage of the war, utter a few piercing cries, and then disappear into the gloom. As for the German people they do not deserve the hard things said of them. They were sick of the war in 1916, and yet for two years longer they supported the most dreadful sacrifices and sufferings, if not uncomplainingly, at least with their old docility.

Ludendorff never understood the art of war. Signs of masterful strategic competence and of the power to weigh great national interests are nowhere conspicuous in his apologia. He displays no power of sustained thought. He did not know how to profit by the good fortune of the Russian collapse in 1917. He admits that the revolution had broken the back of the Russian army in July of that year, yet in November there were still eighty German divisions, or a third of the army, in the east, and the best chance of overwhelming us in the west before America could appear in strength was thrown away. He did not, again, know how to profit diplomatically by his culminating point of victory, and would never abate his pretensions until all was lost. He could never make up his mind to allow German diplomacy to offer reasonable terms, and went on until the military instrument had broken in his hands. He then endeavored to make German diplomacy responsible for the surrender. He had no reasoned or large views. He had no sense of realities or of what was practicable and the reverse.

This same inability to profit by favoring circumstances was most marked in April, 1918, when the Germans were within grasp of Amiens, and had but to persevere to place us in a position which we can scarcely contemplate even now without a shudder. Had Ludendorff persevered he would have found our battle-worn armies outnumbered, with their backs to the sea and unable to retreat. Content with a half success, Ludendorff turned to the Lys and wasted Rupprecht's best divisions in its low-lying valleys. Then he switched to the Aisne and gave our armies several months for reorganization. Such fatal errors, first in the broad field of national policy and then on the decisive battlefield itself, destroy Ludendorff's reputation for leadership and destroy it beyond repair.

He was even smaller in defeat than in victory. When his failure on July 15, 1918, deprived him of all hope of carry-

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ing through his plans for the year, his initiative and will-power were completely paralyzed. He had no elasticity of mind and nothing to suggest. He became the sport of Foch's brilliant strategy, and his armies footballs for the kicks of Pétain, Haig, Pershing, and the King of the Belgians.

He tells us constantly of the terrible impressions which the battles in the West of 1916, 1917, and 1918 made upon him. If there are personages in political or other spheres in England who disliked, and in private violently criticized, the tactics of Field-Marshal Lord Haig and Sir Launcelot Kiggell, they will now observe that Ludendorff disliked these tactics a great deal more. They appear to have steadily worn down his nerve, and the process is visible throughout these memoirs. Lord Rawlinson's battle of August 8, 1918 — 'the black day of the German army' — shook Ludendorff badly, but it was not till September 28 at 6 o'clock in the afternoon that he descended to Hindenburg's room below and explained his views 'as to a peace offer and a request for an armistice.' With these views Hindenburg agreed.

Within a week the news of the German request for an armistice flashed through the world. September, 1918, had been a month of British, French, American, and Belgian victories, and they had broken the proud spirit of the German Higher Command. At a later date Ludendorff attempted to recall his will for peace and to throw upon the government the onus of the surrender. A German White Book of August of this year has given all the documents relating to the genesis of the armistice, and that the responsibility rests with Ludendorff there is no reasonable doubt. Under the influence of impressions and emotions which a great commander would never have allowed himself to entertain, Ludendorff succumbed.

These are not the records of a great man or a great soldier. Ludendorff began the campaign of 1918 with, as he says, twenty-five to thirty divisions more than the Allies. He retained till mid-June, by his own showing, which is perfectly correct, a large superiority of strength. He could not profit by these advantages, nor by those which an army of a single people necessarily possesses over another made up of five or six different nationalities. He took no masterful decisions during the critical days from July 15 to the end, and this end was the military defeat of Germany and the flight of her Monarch into an alien land.

I find these memoirs extraordinarily interesting, and admire the enterprise of *Land and Water*, which has enabled us to study the English text before the German edition reached England. The full translation, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, must necessarily find a place in every library of thinking soldiers. If it is not a military history of the war it is a most illuminating history of the workings of Ludendorff's mind, and the psychological interest cannot be gainsaid. Daily for over two years we sought to discover what was at the back of Ludendorff's mind. Now he tells us, and we can see where we were right and where wrong. We follow an honest soldier, not in the front rank of generalship, but also not a courtier, nor a trimmer, struggling with overwhelming difficulties and pursuing his course with a firm desire to do his duty. So we close his book with a not unkindly feeling toward a defeated foe whose name will be imperishably connected with the worst defeat and the most brilliant victories in the long history of British arms.

Land and Water, October 6

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STRIKES IN LITERATURE

THE strike has not played a very large part in English history or English chronicle. Forms of it as a means of indirect political action have probably been commoner in Ireland than in this country. On the small scale, in which a tiny shock is administered, the strike is of almost daily occurrence and is almost entirely salutary. But where it is on a scale to paralyze a countryside the strike is a testimony to defective civilization. Mankind has, indeed, to be in a cleft stick between slavery and anarchy before it would easily be constrained to have resort to it. Aristophanes played with the idea of the ladies of Athens having recourse to it. Livy, and eventually Shakespeare, explained the horrid dilemma in the famous apologue of the Belly and the Members. Servile revolts, such as those by the Carthaginian mercenaries, were strikes upon a colossal scale. In England during the seventeen-nineties we had the naval mutinies, which were strikes that succeeded in the main, at the cost of heartrending scenes, in attracting the British conscience to horrible abuses. In those days, of the great war of a century since, to own lands or employ hands was the supreme virtue, and workmen were pitifully dependent upon the conscience of the rich. Mantraps eventually did prick the landed conscience; but that of the manufacturer was long armorproof against child labor and sweating of the most revolting kind. Have you read the sufferings of the 'little trappers' in the pages of *Sybil*, that shining record of the two races — the rich and the poor, the conquerors and the conquered? — 'There is more serfdom in England now (1844) than at any time since the Norman Conquest.' Thomas Hood sang in the pages of *Punch* 'The Song of a Shirt.' '*Elle obtint un grand succès, mais ne produisit aucun resultat.*' Charles Kingsley depicted the doings in a sweating den of Jewish tailors. The shrill cry of the old crone, 'No workhouse for an officer's daughter,' and the response of Lizzie, 'who goes out of nights,' touched many hearts. Were these pictures mere fables, or the stories of Mark Rutherford and a score of others who taught us 'How folks turned Chartists'? But who then who wore a white waistcoat had a word of compassion to say for Luddites, Blanketeers, Chartists, Saint Simonians, or Fourierists? It takes, it would seem, the mellowing effect of a generation to show that people who are ground down by actual griping poverty are not likely to be the most successful voluntary stabilizers of the commonwealth. In what strangely different accents does the historian Guglielmo Ferrero speak of the proletariat and the revolutionary agitators of Paris in 1848:

> No impartial writer in 1919 will deny the Parisian workman of '48 the praise which courage, self-sacrifice, sincerity, and an ardent desire for good deserve, wherever these virtues succeed in piercing the hard crust of the earth amid the tangled thicket of the selfishness and the evil passions of the world. These humble workmen had felt from the bottom of their hearts the full fire of the tragedy which had come to pass in Europe when the old qualitative civilization had passed away, leaving a new quantitative civilization in its place. They had not reached the point of demanding the blessings of peace and plenty, but were ready to suffer and to die in order that the world might be purified and, in the abyss

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of their poverty, they were moved by the misfortunes of Poland and Italy. They belonged, in fact, to that part of the human race whose virtues compensate for the vices of the rest and entitle them to all respect.

The horrors revealed in *Sybil* are focused around the abuses of the truck system:

> This here age [says one of the characters in the *Rising Sun*] wants a great deal, but what it principally wants is to have its wages paid in the current coin of the realm. . . .
>
> I have been at play, Sir [says Sir Oracle], several times in forty years and have seen as great stickouts as ever happened in this country. I've seen the people at play for weeks together, and so clammed that I never tasted nothing but a potato and a little salt for more than a fortnight. Talk of tommy [truck], that *was* hard fare, but we were holding out for our rights, and that's sauce for any gander. And I 'll tell you what, Sir, that I never knew the people play yet, but if a word had passed atween them and the mainmasters aforehand, it might not have been settled; but you can't get at them any way. Atween the poor man and the gentleman there never was no connection, and that's the wital mischief of this country.
>
> It 's a very true word, Master Nixon, and by this token that when we went to play in '28 and the masters said they would meet us: what did they do, but walk about the ground and speak to the butties [middle men]. The butties has their ear.
>
> We never want no soldiers here if the masters would speak with the men; but the sight of a pitman is pison to a gentleman, and if we go up to speak wi' em, they always run away.
>
> It's the butties [said Nixon], they 're wusser nor tommy.

When he writes on the state of England question, Disraeli employs a large brush, the siege of Mowbray Castle by an infuriated mob is described with the same breadth of color and chiaroscuro as a scene in *Ivanhoe*. This immense scenic touch was passed on by feuilletonists such as Soulié and Sue to Hugo and Zola. Zola in *Germinal* has designed what is perhaps the best-known strike epic. It is concerned with the coal industry of the Lille district, under the Second Empire, and depicts a state of society not less bestial than that of Wodgate in *Sybil*. Lantier, a retired engine driver, is brought to a leading position among the colliers and seeks to raise their standard of living. The result is a strike of the most barbarous and resolute character on both sides. Belgians are introduced to the mines as 'scabs' or 'blacklegs,' riots supervene, the soldiers are brought in and the strike is broken. Had the oligarchy of that time, when the people of England were suspected of being continually on the point of 'about to rise,' only accepted Disraeli's insight as well as his leadership, and commissioned him to combat the callous views of economists and obscurantists, many flagrant wrongs might have been righted in time to prevent the necessity of *Hard Times* being written. The author's flamboyant tricks and ironical transitions cannot obscure the relevance of much that he saw in English history that has never been properly perceived to this day. Our written history, he says, at the end of *Sybil*, has been a contradiction between terms and facts.

> Oligarchy has been called Liberty; an exclusive Priesthood has been christened a National Church; Sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the people. In the selfish strife of factions two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England — the Monarch and the Multitude; as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared; till at length the sceptre has become a pageant and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

This was the manifesto of the Young England party. But its reception was so disheartening that by when he came to write *Lothair* Disraeli had abandoned his generous dreams for ironical

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badinage. He meant to have entered the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, but in the issue he attended the Tournament of the Doves, at which the black rock accepted with an element of pride his destiny to fall by the hand of a duke, but would not deign to be worried by a dog, fluttered to the palisade, and died. True satirist of the people and the press, which with a delicate refusal of false shame retails the exploits of titled people upon Paddington platform, Disraeli's dialogue on railways has been in a measure prophetic. 'You came by the railroad?' 'A Great Revolution!' 'I fear it has a very dangerous tendency to equality.'

> You may depend these railroads are very dangerous things.
>
> Have you not heard of Lady Vanilla's trip from Birmingham? She came up with Lady Laura, and two of the most gentlemanlike men sitting opposite her; never met, she says, two more intelligent men. She begged one of them at Wolverhampton to change seats with her, and he was most politely willing to comply with her wishes, only it was necessary that his companion should move at the same time, for they were chained together! Two of the swell mob sent to town for picking a pocket at Shrewsbury races.

Mary Barton, one of the greatest of first novels, and one also of the first great novels of compassion, comes just midway between *Sybil* and *Alton Locke*. It was issued in two volumes under the pretended authorship of 'Cotton Mather Mills' in October, 1848. The publishers hoarded it for two months before they realized that the book had a fetching topical interest, and then offered the author to purchase the copyright for £100, which was welcomed. The year had witnessed revolution on all sides: the collapse of Metternich, the fall to earth of the July Monarchy, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, the breakdown of the People's Charter — the Manchester School had killed it. *Mary Barton* will always hold a place as a work of art for its brilliant episodes, as a novel for its spontaneity, sympathy, color, and moderation, as a pathetic plea for the vanquished, as a starting point of a new rally among the Humanitarians. It has more of the spirit of *Les Misérables* than of *Germinal*. It remains, however, the finest scenario of a strike in English fiction. The plot revolves round the strike story. Plot, scenario (Manchester), and characters are slowly engraved upon the same plate in the writer's mind. Light and shadow are skillfully balanced, thought and emotion alternate; nothing is overdrawn, no side taken, no sermon preached, no personage obtruded. The world was thrilled and surprised at being taken by so simple a thing. 'Forcible, fair, even terrible in its truth,' was the verdict of one of the best critics of the day.

The tale revolves round the grievous destiny of Mary's father. Half-time, short food, and the death of an only boy from malnutrition while the parent saw the millowners fattening on plenty, made a Chartist of John Barton. In 1839 he was one of the delegates sent by the northern towns to explain their case to Parliament in London. The mortifications of this embassy embittered Barton still more; and, stung by a thoughtless insult, he takes the life of a young master. The suspicion falls on Jem Wilson, Mary Barton's lover — who has had a passage at arms with young Carson concerning Mary. John Barton in the meantime is a sinister union leader and organizer of those strikes, one of which forms a central feature of the tale. Unions from Glasgow, Nottingham, and other towns back up the power loom weavers of Manchester. The masters retort by placarding the walls with advertisements for weavers

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from outside. In spite of policemen set to watch over the safety of the poor country weavers, in spite of magistrates and prisons and severe punishments, the poor depressed men tramping in from Burnley, Padiham, and other places to work at the condemned starvation prices were waylaid and beaten, and left by the roadside nearly dead. The police broke up every lounging knot of men — they separated quietly, to reunite half a mile farther out of town. The good Mrs. Gaskell moralizes at perhaps excusable length upon the knobstick philosophy of the hunger strikers. Charlotte Brontë in *Shirley* has much less sympathy with any variety of ostensible rebel. The description of the attack upon Moore's mill by the Luddites, or machine breakers, is one of the stern features of a book which many still love. More relentless is the description of the tracking down of the disaffected workmen and strikers:

> The leaders he did not know. They were strangers: emissaries from the large towns. Most of these were not members of the operative class; they were chiefly 'down-draughts,' bankrupts, men often in debt and often in drink — men who had nothing to lose, and much — in the way of character, cash, and cleanliness — to gain. These persons Moore hunted like any sleuth-hound; and well he liked the occupation: its excitement was of a kind pleasant to his nature: he liked it better than making cloth.
>
> His horse must have hated these times; for it was ridden both hard and often: he almost lived on the road, and the fresh air was as welcome to his lungs as the policeman's quest to his mood; he preferred it to the steam of dyehouses. The magistrates of the districts must have dreaded him; they were slow, timid men; he liked both to frighten and to rouse them. He liked to force them to betray a certain fear which made them alike falter in resolve and recoil in action — the fear, simply, of assassination. This, indeed, was the dread which had hitherto hampered every manufacturer and almost every public man in the district. Helstone alone had ever repelled it. The old Cossack knew well he might be shot: he knew there was risk; but such a death had for his nerves no terrors: it would have been his chosen — might he have had a choice.
>
> Moore likewise knew his danger; the result was an unquenchable scorn of the quarter whence such danger was to be apprehended. The consciousness that he hunted assassins was the spur in his high-mettled temper's flank. As for fear, he was too proud — too hard-natured (if you will) — phlegmatic a man to fear. Many a time he rode belated over moors, moonlit or moonless, as the case may be, with feelings far more elate, faculties far better refreshed, than when safety and stagnation environed him in the counting house. Four was the number of the leaders to be accounted for: two, in the course of a fortnight, were brought to bay near Stilbro'; the remaining two it was necessary to seek farther off: their haunts were supposed to lie near Birmingham.

A novel, it was said, of daguerrotype portraits and of vivid scene painting, *Shirley* was produced in October, 1849; and it must probably have served as an inspiration to one or two episodes in Mrs. Gaskell's finer but even more unequal novel, *North and South*, issued in *Household Words* in 1854-1855. A link between *Mary Barton* and *North and South*, dealing in part with like themes, is to be found in *Ruth*, to which *Hard Times* in its turn is said to have had serious obligations.

'They have too much sense to strike in the South,' says Margaret Hale, sweetest and finest of heroines, in *North and South*. 'It's not that they have too much sense,' retorts Nicholas Higgins, 'but too little spirit.' These lads of forge and loom fought in profound ignorance of the chances and of political economy, but with a sort of heroic local passion for their class, and even for the poor good-for-naughts who could only manage two looms at a time.' Nicholas himself was a good man, but he would not hear of the state

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of trade. Just a piece of master's humbug, he affirmed:

It's rate o' wages, I was talking of. Th' masters keep th' state o' trade in their own hands; and just walk it forward like a black bug-a-boo, to frighten naughty children with into being good. I'll tell yo' it's their part — their cue, as some folks call it — to beat us down, to swell their fortunes; and it's ours to stand up and fight hard — not for ourselves alone, but for them round about us — for justice and fair play. We help to make their profits, and we ought to help to spend 'em.

Always the same delusion that there is a great pool of accumulated wealth that can be drawn upon almost indefinitely and an ignoring of the fact that wealth is being created almost momentarily by the labor of man, proceeding unceasingly from hand to mouth. But there was a keen racial, local, and anthropomorphic savor about the conflict in these heroic, old, one-sided strikes of eighty years since. 'What sort of a master is he?' asks Margaret of one of her friends.

Did yo' ever see a bull-dog? Set a bull-dog on hindlegs and dress him up in coat and breeches, and yo'n just gotten John Thornton . . . as dour as a doornail; an obstinate chape every inch on him — th' oud bull-dog. He's worth fightin' wi', is John Thornton.

Even in these days of the early fifties, after the relaxation of Combination Laws, and in those of the importation of 'foreign' labor, the 'bull-dog' won, hands down, as he was confident of doing; and Margaret herself, the ideal of sweet reasonableness, had little commiseration for the policy of the strikers or little toleration for their ways and means. 'What are they?' asked Margaret, and Nicholas is explicit in his reply:

Well, if a man does n't belong to the Union, them as works next looms has orders not to speak to him — if he's sorry or ill, it's a' the same; he's out o' bounds; he's none o' us; he comes among us, he works among us, but he's none o' us. I' some places them's fined who speaks to him. Yo' try that, Miss; try living a year or two among them as looks away if yo' look at 'em; try working within two yards o' crowds o' men, who yo' know have a grinding grudge at yo' in their hearts — to whom if yo' say yo'r glad, not an eye brightens, not a lip moves — to whom if your heart's heavy, yo' can never say naught, because they'll never take notice on your sighs or sad looks. . . . Just yo' try that, Miss, ten hours for three hundred days, and yo'll know a bit what th' Union is.

Margaret will have none of it. 'And you belong to the Union! And you talk of the tyranny of the masters!'

Nay [said Higgins], yo' may say what yo' like! The dead stand between you and every angry word of mine. D' ye think I forget who's lying *there*, and how hoo loved yo'? And it's the masters as has made us sin, if the Union is a sin. Not this generation may be, but their fathers'. Their fathers ground our fathers to the very dust; ground us to powder! Parson! I reckon, I've heerd my mother read out a text — 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' It's so wi' them. In those days of sore oppression th' Unions began; it were a necessity. It's a necessity now, according to me. It's a withstanding injustice, past, present, or to come. It may be like war; along wi' it came crimes; but I think it were a greater crime to let it alone. Our only chance is binding men together in one common interest; and if some are cowards and some are fools, they mun come along and join the great march, whose only strength is in numbers.

The personal side, the antagonism of personal idiosyncrasies and of opposing sentiments, has engaged the observers of industrial struggles far more even than in military or naval contests. The picturesque background, the obsession of personality, hero-worship, the calling of names — this naturally attracted the attention of Tom Carlyle to the subject, especially in *Past and Present*, as it has engaged the delineat-

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ing powers of the authors who have concentrated to-day upon popular disturbance, creators of the *Iron Heel*, *The Portion of Labor*, *The Overman*, *Half a Hero*, *Sons and Lovers*, *Sir George Tressady*, *The Strike at Arlingford*, *Milvale*, and *The Safety Match*. Whippets, Pickets, Hunger, Taunting Matches, and Personal Combat — these are counters which every reader of strike stories will have learned when and how to expect.

The books of fifty years ago that told us about factories and strikes and industrial conditions generally are very little considered to-day. Most are so negligible that they are neither seen nor heard. A great success when it appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* was *Abel Drake's Wife*. It was soon reprinted, illustrated, dedicated to Dr. Macleod, and even dramatized. But who to-day can recall the story, touching in its simple pathos, of 'the young fellow that headed the strike that cost master such lots of money'? But *Abel Drake's Wife* appealed to a limited public. The great multitude of the 1870 period derived their contemporary impressions of strikes and their problems from two much more popular pens. The most popular novelist of that period, we sometimes forget, was Mrs. Henry Wood. *A Life's Secret* first appeared in *The Leisure Hour* in 1862. 'Strikes, as we all know,' wrote the authoress in 1867, 'have latterly been growing into notoriety.' *The Leisure Hour* may or may not have contributed to this result. The objective in 1862 was not dissimilar from the strike motive in Jack Cade, his time: to get ten hours' pay for nine hours' work. But at any rate the book was written 'for good,' the tenor of its sentiments was not liked, and substantial readers of *The Leisure Hour* were moved to angry remonstrance. Prosperity in the building trade was the *causa causans*. Nine hours first would be demanded, then eight. ''T aint free-born Englishers as is going to be put upon. . . . It'll be glorious times. We shall get a taste o' fowls and salmon, maybe, for dinner then!' The whole story was most superficial. Mrs. Wood knew nothing about the workers or their grievances, and the sketch of the meeting at the Bricklayers' Arms was written with the author's eye fixed firmly upon the gallery of the respectable middle class of the age of Spurgeon. The agitators of those days were deceptive, not because they were false, but because they were vague. Their heads were swelled with the fumes of Liberté and Egalité and 1848; they were not practical or astute, they did not know their job, they had no training and no encircling democratic federation upon which to lean for general support. Great is the change from this insincere and conventional ignorance to the natural ease, lively knowledge, and varied sympathy shown in *An Agitator*, written in 1894, and prefaced by a disclaimer of all personalities, by Clementina Black. But the book, of course, to which the public owed its chief knowledge, such as it was, of the industrial background, was the sensational *Put Yourself in His Place*, contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1869–1870 by Charles Reade, then at the summit of his fame. Reade set out deliberately to make his readers' blood boil, and in this object he unquestionably succeeds. The story contains other sensational factors, but its main drift is to represent the conflict between independent masters and workmen and the organized trades. The unions proceed against the masters by rattening, a variety of sabotage, and against the workmen who venture to defy their restrictions by horrible threats of the Jack the Ripper type and eventually by 'doing' or maiming. The secretary

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of a Sheffield union of the period, an astute diplomat who professed the most kind and civil of methods and left all violence to the 'unauthorized' scum, is depicted in some detail in the person of the suave Mr. Jobson.

> Many complaints are brought to us who advise the trades. When they are frivolous, we are unwilling to disturb the harmony of employers and workmen; we reason with the complainant and the thing dies away. When the grievance is substantial, we take it out of the individual's hands and lay it before the working committee. A civil note is sent to the master, or a respectable member of the committee calls on him and urges him to redress the grievance, but always in kind and civil terms. The master generally assents; experience has taught him it is the wisest course. But if he refuses, we are bound to report the refusal to a larger committee, and sometimes a letter emanates from them, reminding the master that he has been a loser before by acts of injustice and hinting that he may be a loser again. I don't quite approve this form of communication. But certainly it has often prevented the mischief from spreading farther. Well, but perhaps he continues rebellious. What follows? We can't lock up facts that affect the trade; we are bound to report the case at the next general meeting. It excites comments, some of them perhaps a little intemperate; the lower kind of workmen get inflamed with passion, and often, I am sorry to say, write ruffianly letters, and now and then do ruffianly acts which disgrace the town and are strongly reprobated by us. Why, Mr. Little, it has been my lot to send a civil remonstrance, written with my own hand, in pretty fair English, and be treated with silent contempt; and two months after to be offering a reward of twenty or thirty pounds for the discovery of some misguided man that has taken on himself to right this very matter with a can of gunpowder or some such coarse expedient.

Henry Little was played by Henry Neville, and elicited the sympathy of vast crowds at the theatre. The trades use every weapon against the man who, forger, handler, and cutler at once, has defied every regulation of the unions. First it is gunpowder, then a strike, then concerted outrage by hired bravoes. *Put Yourself in His Place* as a problem drama had some of the same kind of success that *Never Too Late to Mend* had earlier and Charles Warner in *Drink* had a generation later.

The revolution in the prospects attending a strike has been full circle in the course of a century. The impossibility of the strikers gaining in the struggle a hundred years ago has been demonstrated clearly by the historian. Men were prosecuted for combination, and to this it was impossible for them to retaliate. Masters could not be prosecuted for combination. In the first place, lawyers required, and still require, to be paid. To pay them money would have to be raised. How raise it without combination among the men? But combination was illegal. The Combination Law (39 Geo. III, c. 81) compels the men, but not the masters, to give evidence against one another. The one-sidedness of this dispensation is shown pathetically in *Captain Swing*, prosaically in a newspaper, the *Tyne Mercury*, of January 8, 1811.

> Whereas upward of eighty colliers and workmen of Poynton, Worth, and Norbury Collieries, in Cheshire, on September 24 last, assembled together in a wood and there resolved upon demanding from their employers an advance of wages according to written terms read to the meeting, and afterwards delivered to the underlookers of the said collieries. These terms being so extremely exorbitant, and the restrictions as to working so improper, that it was impossible they should be complied with, and all the said colliers left their work at once, and remained out of employment for nine weeks, to the great damage of the collieries and to the extreme inconvenience of the public — for this unlawful and dangerous conspiracy a prosecution was commenced against the secretary and delegates of the conspirators, to answer which the undersigned were under recognizances to appear

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at the ensuing sessions at Chester, but have since applied to the masters (the prosecutors) to be forgiven, and to be permitted to return to their employment like the rest of the workmen, without any alteration in wages or restrictions demanded, which the masters have consented to comply with, upon condition of their signing a submission, to be published at their expense, in the Chester, Manchester, and Derby papers: We, the undersigned [strike leaders], do, therefore, most humbly acknowledge the impropriety of our proceedings, and return our thanks for the lenity we have experienced in the very serious prosecution that pended over us being withdrawn.

Realize the pugnacity of the Englishman, his dour tenacity, especially when hailing from Palatine, Durham, or Cleveland, and his desperate obscurantism when he is asked to subscribe to the event of his own defeat, and then imagine the black bitterness of a signature to a document of this nature to such leaders as George Wilson, John Barton, John Crossthwaite, Alton Locke, Nicholas Higgins, 'The Bishop' in *Sybil*, and the 'Old Saw' in *Put Yourself in His Place!* The strike is no longer a maleficent symptom to be scotched at once by a superior order of intelligence. Art, the sycophant, has come to treat the strike no longer as a disease of crass ignorance but as a pathetic symptom of discord in the body politic, which needs psychic treatment. In a nation of sedulous ants rather than artistic innovators in letters, it is remarkable that a German should have been first to treat the strike with original insight and philosophic pathos. These qualities, long before the appearance of *The Dynasts*, must be claimed for *The Weavers*, a play of Silesian strikers in the forties, by Hauptmann.

But in this new century strike, as much as in that in *Mary Barton*, the counters in conflict are always remarkably constant. The men are confident of getting their hand on the master's throat. Big orders are in hand which a strike will preclude the firm from executing. There is an iron hand like 'Old Carson' or 'Old Anthony' of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works in Galsworthy's *Strife*, who represents the philosophy of the Diehards.

> It has been said that masters and men are equal. Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet the better man will rule. It has been said that capital and labor have the same interests. Cant! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. It has been said that the board is only part of a machine. Cant! We *are* the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favor. . . . There is only one way of treating 'men'— with *the iron hand*. This half-and-half business, the half-and-half manners of this generation, has brought all this upon us. Sentiment and softness, and what this young man, no doubt, would call his social policy. You can't eat cake and have it! This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand and they will make it six. . . . If I were in *their* place I should be the same. But I am not in their place. Mark my words: one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there — you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to.

Then there is the man like Wilder who says, 'I can't have my reputation as a business man destroyed for the satisfaction of starving the men out. How can we meet the shareholders with things in the state they are? . . . We're trustees. Reason tells us we shall never get back in the saving of wages what we shall lose if we continue this struggle.' There is the humanitarian who says, 'We cannot go on starving women and children. Starving women,' at which the flurried Scantlebury of all ages puts his fingers in his ears and exclaims, 'For

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God's sake, sir, don't use that word at a—at a Board meeting; it's—it's monstrous.'

And the end is almost inevitably the same, as Galsworthy beautifully adumbrates. The best and the strongest and also the weakest on either side have cruelly suffered. Both have utterly miscalculated the other's force of reason and endurance. Those who have most solemnly sworn that they will not profit at the expense of the suffering community find themselves profiteers without in the least recognizing the fact. They are almost invariably drawn from the least principled of the contestants. In Italy, where they use cartoons as bludgeons, not as ticklers, there was a ferocious drawing of a bloated middleman ejaculating with much complacency to the toilworn army of workers: 'Forza, ragazzi! Sono cavaliere del lavoro.' The 'old Anthonys' of all ages often find their stanchest supporters in the workingman who has risen from the ranks, and despise their fellows for their mildness and lack of ambition. 'Curs — no grit in 'em.' 'What they want,' says Mr Bounderby, 'is gold spoons and a coach and six.'

The constancy of the elements in the great basic things which make up the ground-swell of humanity must always appeal to the observer, and, in the form of struggle that culminates in the strike, it is very apparent. The chorus, represented by Old Baumert in the epoch-making drama of *The Weavers* (which deserves in a sense to be numbered as one of Verhaeren's *Les Aubes*), surveys the world of suffering man — always the same in his hunger strikes, in the cruel story of what man has made of man ever in process of repetition, the under-dog continually born to suffer, his redress, under whatever laws happen to prevail, perpetually illusory. The strike is the periodic revolt of the teeming workers against this chronic aspect upon a large survey of the right-to-live question: the revolt against our fatal but unending repudiation of the first economic axiom of 'The Fable of the Bees.' 'The great art of making a nation happy, and what we call flourishing, consists in giving everybody an opportunity of being employed' at a subsistence wage at the very least. The inoffensive, as in *The Weavers*, almost invariably suffer most by these upheavals, and who gain in the upshot it would probably be impossible to decide. The same fallacies constantly prevail — belief in the efficacy of the lightning strike, the same old tendency to overrate the solidarity of the protestants against the existing order, the same old tendency to underrate the pride, constancy, tenacity, fighting spirit, and resolve of the opposing party, the same sanguine impulse to anticipate anything like a successful decision — the uplift of Liége without the grim reality of Namur. The result, so unaccountably overlooked, yet almost inseparable from every protracted strike — hunger, violence, bankruptcy of ideals, the futility of verbal scores and polemical victories in comparison with the invariable residuum of rankling bitterness and the sense of injustice. Those who have faithfully depicted the strike moral in fiction have done their bit of national service in throwing into relief some of these constant features of an ancestral curse under a new illusive spell. They help to show the necessity for the increased spontaneity and momentum of that good will, unprocurable by laws and governments, which alone can sterilize that sour soil in which strikes are fomented.

The Times

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LETTERS FROM AMERICA: WRITTEN BY JOHN BUTLER YEATS TO W. B. YEATS

NEW YORK, November 16, 1916.

WOULD you like — *pour changer* — to know my idea of America? There everything is in the melting pot, husbands, wives, children, and the family, and religion, and politics. No fixity anywhere. It is not a hot melting pot, it does not come to the boil, just simmers gently on the hob, so that everybody is good-natured and tolerant and almost indifferent — not much concerned for the truth but just to amuse the passing moments. In the election, as at a game of baseball or on an English race-course, the only interest that matters is the betting. I wonder is it so always in a democracy? For instance, in the old days at Athens. Ah, no! There is a vast difference. In Athens the supreme interest — for some not mysterious reason — was art and poetry.

Apart from the betting, they also in America have another more serious interest: it is that their ninety millions should be materially comfortable, for the Americans are a humane people, they wish everybody to be comfortable — that is, in a bodily sense comfortable — whereas, the Athenians thought all the time of mental comfort. No, no! more than mental comfort, for to a people living as they did, with wars constantly threatening, such constant sorrows about death and disease, the lot then of every nation on the globe, mental comfort was not to be thought of; they thought all the time about spiritual ecstasy, and strove for it through the methods and channels of artistic creation.

Latterly mental comfort comes easily, disease is manageable, and death is regarded as the tranquil ending of life coming at the right moment when the failing powers long for rest. Mental comfort being thus within easy reach, there remains only bodily comfort, and that America is resolved to bestow on its people. Who nowadays cares for mental ecstasy?

I see every democracy, even that of Athens, as a crowd gathered to hear their orators, very eager to be excited, for excitement is the breath of their nostrils, and a great orator who is himself a great man means a great democracy. But great men are not things of chance and appear only when there has been necessary training. There are no great men in America because their training is lacking.

There is one dark menace running through all classes, like a black thread in a cloth of gold — the labor cause. Its supporters are numerous as the sands of the sea, but brainless. Their hearts beat for but one feeling which is hatred, the ignorant love activity and to see things doing, and hatred prompts to action, therefore, the ignorant love to hate. Isaac Butt was a constructive statesman, his heart and mind luminous with love for his enemies, but the Irish are an ignorant people and so Parnell seduced them with his gospel of hatred, which Butt, in his gentle and courteous fashion, called the policy of exasperation.

February 20, 1916.

The ethical doctrine most popular in America is expressed by the word service. Every man, woman, and child is brought up with the idea of *service*, and it is fatal to sincerity. In America

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there is no such thing as sincerity — the effect of democracy is that each citizen regards himself as holding, by virtue of his citizenship and his vote, a kind of public position. Socrates, in his *Apologia*, says that he soon discovered that in democratic Athens, he could not serve truth if he occupied a public position; for which reason he forsook all opportunities of public service and devoted himself to a private life in which he sought for truth pure and simple. The head of a great railway or other big commercial concern must, if he is to do his duty by his clients, throw overboard nice ideas of honor and honesty, and employ the accustomed methods of graft and bribery. The editor of a paper, enlisted in some propaganda of socialism or philosophical anarchism, finds that he must look askance at truth as these men do at honesty — overstating and understating matters in a way that must ultimately blunt all those susceptibilities which are of the very essence of fine character, and which also are at the root of that enthusiasm which is the soul of poetry. If a poet preserves his susceptibility to truth, poetic enthusiasm remains to comfort and inspire him, even though he had parted with every other honorable quality.

November 21, 1916.

The doctrines of 'uplift' and social service are shouting over all the hills and valleys and into the secret glens. The natural man loves his wife, his children, himself, and the little patch of the earth's surface where he lives and was born, and though he says his solitude is for him an arching sky glittering with stars, it is vain. Civilization says he must be reasonable and he must not be selfish. The shy muses who come to us in secret are scared away by the noise and the company. In their place come the pompous rhetoricians pretending that they are commissioned by the muses and what they preach is that a man does not belong to himself but to his neighbors. Every age has its particular heresy.

The doctrine of social service is the heresy of modern civilization. And so, poor man the solitary, becomes man the social, the gregarious; his natural feelings all watered down to the right temperature so that he can cease to be himself and become the servant of the social machine. Meantime my only comfort is to know that the muses by fiat of the gods are immortal. And where are they domiciled? In Russia perhaps, or in Roumania, or in India — savage lands not yet reached by the heresy. In Russia, certainly, there are some poets and there is still a 'palate.' These benighted Americans have no palate either for Jameson's whiskey or in poetry for the true vintage. So it is a sad and noisy world. I think that in Europe, when this terrible war is over and gone (if there does not start another war of labor and social struggle), the individual man will rediscover himself and become so vital and, as it were, importunate in his demands for a true existence (which I need not say is not the material things the proletariat — inevitably so — are in pursuit of) that he will return to solitude and once more be visited by the kind-hearted and now more relenting muses.

True patriotism is not social service in its essence whatever it be in its effect. The ecstasy of the Athenian was patriotism, but why? Because it was spontaneous, genuine, and springing as naturally in the bosoms and hearts of Athenians as the multitudinous duties on the hillside. Another ecstasy was their sense of life as it distributed fate and fortune and death in its awful way, and with its

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capricious impartiality — an ecstasy made of fear and wonder and austere beauty. Patriotism is only possible to a small country and a small city. However intense our feelings are, the heart of man cannot embrace a large surface. When he 'thinks imperially,' as —— and my unionist friends would invite me to do, he does so with his vanity and vulgarity or because of some self-interest. His heart is cold as ice. Athens was a mother to her children — the best of mothers, and as visibly so in their eyes as their natural mother — elegant, gracious, stately besides, and lovely in conversation to the last. I mean her public plays and the speeches of her orators. We have Pericles's word for it and we have, still to be seen, her beautiful architecture.

She also was like a mother, the good providence of the home. The Athenian loved Athens because he loved himself. She is mine, he said, with every nerve in his soul and body resonant with the words. At the rising of the sun and the going down, therefore, it was his constant thought, his religion, by which he saved his soul and his body. Afterward he went the downward course and sank to thinking imperially and so degenerated till his feelings became tepid like those of any modern. I suppose that in the long life of a nation the moments of intensity are few and far between.

February 22, 1916.

Poetry, which almost everyone in America is now writing, fails because of two reasons. In the first place there is this doctrine of service — everyone must serve, it is a woman's doctrine, and America is a woman's country. Some time ago I met a most refined and charming woman and she praised Brother Sunday, and said that she made it a practice to attend his services. 'In the name of common sense, why?' I asked. 'Oh,' she replied, 'he is doing so much good.' There you have the doctrine of service in its crudest form proclaimed from those pretty lips. The second reason is that there is no leisure and this because of the newspapers and the habit of the newspapers. There is not a nook in all America, however shady and sequestered, not hurried by them.

The doctrine of service is bad because it enfeebles the sense of truth, for I am sure that you will agree with me that every poet hates that kind of crudity, so popular in journalism, which is unsifted truth. Anything, false or true, will do for the people who serve. Like the Catholic Church, they are persuaded that they are out for something more important than the merely true. The poet, because of that inner sincerity which is the very root of his being, and which is his intensity — like that of a grieving mother who will not be put off with half-answers from the doctor — seeks and seeks always for the truth which has been many times sifted. In his methods of reproduction of finite things he may employ every artifice of metaphor and bold figure, but the inner feeling must not be falsified in expression in one single tittle, neither may it be tempted by any kind of self-indulgence or self-glory into falseness toward the facts by which it is excited. The vice of Byron's poetry is that he had not this 'caution' toward truth. He wrote out of the heart of a fictitious Byron when he rushed into what Keats calls his 'magnanimity.' Shelley was always the 'cautious' thinker and had the poet's virgin heart. Had he lived, he would have cast off his 'magnanimity' which all came from the large head

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full of the cold brains of the philosopher Godwin.

It is because of their sincerity and their passion for the unsifted truth, that poets will always form an aristocracy, leaving service to the servile class, just now mostly composed of women. You remember the curse laid upon Eve. The doctrine of service brings people together in gregarious multitudes. The poets' quest of truth separates poets even from poets.

October 19, 1917.

It is my belief that if the whole world had spoken Greek we should not have their great literature.

The other day I was at —— and was maintaining that after the Hohenzollern and their dynasty we should next have to face a more insidious autocracy — that of the mob, and that the only thing to be done was to disestablish and disendow the great democracies and in their place start small democracies. For, said I, the mob is the danger, big democracies meaning big mobs and small democracies small mobs. Just then ——arrived and we received him with enthusiasm and I told him my argument. At once he made a very important modification. He said the mob is not the danger but the mob psychology.

The mob psychology is already in the world control and we are all busy in finding out how to flatter it. It is the heir of the old autocracies, a forceful and pushing 'chip of the old block,' and it has the charm of youth, and some of us have discovered that the movement or philosophy of internationalism and of no patriotism is the nicest titbit we can offer to this new minotaur. What between facility in acquiring foreign languages and good translation, a book published in one corner of the world rapidly passes and circulates everywhere. It is as if Æschylus and Sophocles were forced to write their plays for the Roman Empire rather than for their own little city.

November 2, 1917.

Until the war came to upset our calculations, life had become exceedingly pleasant and exciting to live, yet not worth thinking about. In ancient days, in Elizabethan times, life was terrible to live and tremendous to think about. Quiet men must have died of fright. I am sure they did, even if sometimes it was only a living death; and yet poets found the food by which they live.

In the great lights and shadows of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and in the drama of Webster, people saw reflected the life they knew, and as they believed, the only kind of life possible on this sinful earth, an audience metaphysical, fear-struck, wonder-struck, or melted in pity, and all thinking about Fortune and the image of life and death — in a word a poetical audience. Smilingly we go to the plays of G. B. Shaw or Ibsen to admire the cleverness of the playwright or for a logical satisfaction and we come away discussing the issues of tea-drinking or vegetarianism or that storm in a teacup, married incompatibility — or the birth control.

November 18, 1916.

There is the artist who is sociable in his work and there is the solitary artist. To the first order belongs Meredith. Dostoievsky is a solitary. Meredith possessed every kind of pride. Intellectually, and as a man of class, he was proud. He was insularly proud, like the Englishman. Pride comes from conscious relation to his fellow man. Dostoievsky never sought for social relations and so these various kinds of pride that Meredith enjoyed

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and sometimes reveled in, were unknown to him. His nature was not social, and his convict life and strange experience forced him away to live in his own company. A clever man, a man of genius, entering into society meets with so much stupidity and antagonism that he is forced to armor himself in the panoply of some kind of pride. Dostoievsky escaped the necessity, but if his convict life and experience did not make him social, how could this? They taught him something infinitely more valuable to the artist. If you are forced to live with people and you won't, often can't, live socially, there is only one thing to do that you may live, and that is to study these people exhaustively, so as to find the something that may lubricate a little the painful contact.

A hard, insensitive mind would find it in a continual contempt; the affectionate and sensitive Dostoievsky found it in pity and love and tenderness. He could not exchange ideas and words with these people. Had he attempted to speak his thoughts they would have been insulted, and revenged themselves by constant insults. So he watched and loved and pitied and understood. Thus he became the great writer. He found in human nature his own particular world of truth and as he learned its secrets and its scope he bent before its magnitude of suffering and before its splendor of possibility, and this gradually came to mean deepest humility. The solitary man at all times, if he be really a solitary, is humble — for a man can only be proud when he is eminent and distinguished in society. A man alone with himself perforce very quickly realizes that he is only an atom in presence of the sun and moon, the past and the future. He may, indeed, hope that being a man he is chief of created things, but that is not enough upon which to found personal pride. It is too faint, and besides it concerns all mankind — a pride we share with millions is not enough for personal exultation.

July 3, 1916.

Thinking about Henry James, I wonder why he is so obscure; truly one's attention goes to sleep or wanders off when trying to make him out. I think it is for one thing that he has a very limited vocabulary with a great many shades of meaning to describe and only a few words. Necessarily, he again and again uses the same word or the same phrase in widely different senses and that is bewildering to the reader who has not much time to spare. Then he varies very little the shape of his sentences. He writes as if he dictated and did it for his own ease in a sing-song voice. He ought to have taken for amanuensis somebody who was at once a critic and a friend and not too much of an admirer — somebody who would insist on understanding and who would not be put off.

I said in my lecture that one can hear the very voice of Shakespeare and how various is that voice and how it provokes and engages the attention. It is his own music, yet he would have you follow it, so that he leans toward you and sings it into your ear, or stands away and makes it resound to all the echoes. Another source of our difficulty in reading Henry James is that it is only almost at the very end of his book that we see his people. Tolstoi's first care is that you may see his people and then comes the comment and the long unfolding. In both there is suspense, without which a story does not exist. But in James it is his cunning to make that suspense dull and tiresome, holding you in spite of yourself. In Tolstoi the suspense is terrible from the first,

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but so fascinating that you do not look to the end of the story, so as to lose none of it. If you gazed long enough at a tapestried wall perhaps the figures would begin to move. It is only after many readings that I enjoy a novel by Henry James.

October 25, 1917.

I have just read a novel of Turgenieff. He differs from Conrad in that he gives way occasionally, with artistic restraint, to emotion, and it is right that he should do so. Conrad is too proud, too much the aristocrat of letters. Art and poetry should reflect life and, like life, contain everything. That again is the dramatic poet's opportunity; prose, comedy, humor, tragedy, and all the emotions as well as the feelings. I have already said to you that I think emotion is feeling which has passed into the nerves, and takes possession of the nerves. The feeling, indeed, is weakened, there is loss of intensity, but the recompense is great, for it has become a pleasure. Niobe weeping for her children would refuse emotion as she would refuse all pleasure, but poetry is not always high tragedy. In this country they worship pleasure, and have come to think that emotion is all in all, and that is bad for poor literature and for everything else. But American ladies like it and they are supreme, being, as they are, the irresponsible sex. It was not so when they were mothers with large families. Then the man was the irresponsible sex, who would risk everything on a throw of the dice, quite happy if he could only weep or laugh or be angry.

September 12, 1916.

The realistic artist has for his object to spread his sense of the pleasing. He is like unto a mother, with an ugly child — she knows the child is ugly, the averted looks of her friends have told her so; besides she knows the standards of taste and that they are all against her. And yet, though she knows it so well she is not convinced. The child to her is pleasing.

That anything is pleasing is not enough to make it beautiful. That it be beautiful, the springs of excitement must be touched. In an affectionate woman's heart these springs are often touched — when there is no one near to put her out of countenance she finds her child beautiful. If this excitement, this exaltation of affection visits the realistic artist, he not only makes the ugliness he has created pleasing, he makes it beautiful. Falstaff is always pleasing. There are moments when even he is — not quite — yet almost beautiful. The poor and the miserable who live in the midst of the ugly, are grateful to the realistic artist who helps them to make their lives pleasing. Mirabeau spoke of his own ugliness and of what a help it was in his career of demagogue, and he once spoke of his 'sublime' ugliness. He was an artist of genius and knew how to make it pleasing — and the people, surrounded by ugliness, were grateful; it was a ray of sunshine in their dim lives and doubtless his ugliness at times *was* sublime, so that it shot a ray not merely of sunshine, but of lightning and storm in among these people until they were proud of their ugly faces and of their ugly lives and ways which at once became, for them, the symbols of energy and power. To this day it often happens in Paris, that the ugliest women are the ones preferred.

Imagination mounts with a slow wing and shuns crowds. Congestion is the essence of democracies and imagination in a democracy is oftener a stranger and an outcast. For I

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think poetical imagination is simply affection. The man with a poetical mind finds his happiness and himself becoming absorbed in some person or some thing which is other than himself; and since this is a matter of time and place and opportunity a man of affection will get away to be alone with his friend or with his garden, or to be beside his lake or his sweetheart. He wants a deeper acquaintance with these things. Affection is studious, with the passion of the student for learning new and deeper things. We speak of love as the central feeling in art, and what is love but the exaltation of affection? and is not the poet's 'love' nothing more than affection familiar to us all, and especially to women and children, crowned and endiademed. The acorn of poetic genius is nourished by the most amiable of all the feelings the gentlest, tenderest, and the weakest.

August 20, 1917.

Do you think that a novel is a work of art if you have the desire to read it a second time? I have just read a novel which is here held of high account. Its story gripped me and there was passion in it, but I could not be induced to read it a second time. And yet I have also the conviction that anywhere but in America the writer would have produced a work of art. His passion is pity for the poor and wretched, incidentally he writes a good story and his people are alive. Yet in the front of his picture stands his argument. In *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo the pages are flooded with sympathy for the poor and disinherited, and yet this is only a background against which we have placed creations of ethereal loveliness. Besides, there is the sombre romance in the life of the hero of the book. There is also wit, satire, and laughter and humor, and because of these, we read again and again in that book. Those writers of propagandist literature for their own contentious purpose, if for nothing else, ought to study the philosophy and technique of art.

The American writer is a man named ———, and I have an impression that he is at heart a journalist and that his altruistic passion is not really a passion, only an exploitation of a feeling which is just now current in novel-reading circles. If this be so, he is hopeless. You cannot make an artist out of a journalist.

Have you ever looked at Hogarth's pictures? His own idea of himself was that he was a moralist — to teach moral lessons his only object in his rather combative and bustling existence, yet with the real passion of the eighteenth century, and not as a self-seeking journalist. Who now cares for his moral lessons? They are out of date. Yet Hogarth remains among the immortals because he created women of a tender and appealing beauty and because of his humor, wit, and humanity.

There is another remark I will make, as appertaining to modern conditions. I have just been reading a French novel. Its hero is a doctor who is revolutionizing medicine and surgery. He is also an atheist and a progressive. His friend, who is a radical politician, begs him to help him in his politics and the man answers with an emphatic '*non*.' When asked for his reasons, he answers —'*Parce que c'est trop facile*.' It is an ever-present temptation to artists and poets to leave their own task with its concentration and stern labors and infinitely deferred hopes, seeking some far-off synthesis of beauty — to enter politics, where they can instantly be

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put into possession of what looks exactly like their dream. Only — it is not the same; it is the substitution of the emotional for feeling, and the hero of the French novel, being an educated man, knows it. Of course the worldly advantages of the political choice are obvious. It was this drew Sheridan away from the writing of comedies. I wonder if he ever had any visitings of regret. Did the man of fashion sigh for his garret and Grub Street?

An artist and a poet should be too proud to enter politics, not because they are corrupt or mean, but *Parce que c'est trop facile!*

January 10, 1917.

There is a lurking doubt in most minds that poetry and the reading of it are a waste of time, yet poetry is merely affection trying for existence and for its triumph. Where the senses are feeble or easily dulled, the thinking faculty feeble, it is easy for affection to precipitate itself down the slopes of an abysmal sentimentality; and there are such poets, plenty of them, where the senses are all keyed up to their most perilous height, if you like to put it so. It is only the half-seen fact which misleads and where the thinking power is vigorous, the sophistries of passion and heat do not betray. In the true poet's mind, where the senses are keen and the reason strong, longing affection has a hard time of it. And then the poet has so many minds; the ordinary man has one mind — that of ambition or success or domestic bliss, but in the poet there is, always and ever active, a sense of the past and a sense of the future and a sense of the present with hope and manifold fears and courage and all his inclinings of love or anger or pity. With all of these many minds, as I call them, affection must make her peace. Like a tired litigant she goes from court to court pleading her cause. Poetry is the record of that long litigation begun centuries ago and not yet finished. With a mighty intellect far beyond that of any scientist or mathematician or statesman and with senses keen as the senses of animals, love stands before the world and pleads that she be allowed to ascend that throne upon the lowest steps of which she is barely permitted to seat herself.

And yet, though affection pleads with such soft eloquence, she is a warrior maid. I know there have been pusillanimous poets. In the Victorian days these sang of fact and truth as a despot to be propitiated, and I remember the words of Wesley who wrote on the education of children: 'Break their wills, break their wills, teach them to kiss the rod with tears,' and how this kind of teaching was echoed again and again even for the adult generations of Coleridge and Wordsworth and Tennyson. These men were false to their calling. Blake scorned their unctuous submission and, rousing all his courage, fought against the despotism of fact and truth with a valor which is man's birthright and highest inspiration, and so he remains as compared with them a figure of glory and sincerity.

Poetry is at once the champion and the voice of the long history of affection and I will call none great among poets in whom I do not find intellect — or what may be called judgment of the most vigorous kind, the keenest senses and, last of all, temperance; for extravagance is as fatal to a poet as sentimentality, since both are false and no one can enjoy a poet who deals in falsehood. And for this reason among others you cannot respect a poet who allows himself to be deceived, and for that reason his poetry is for

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you meaningless or rather it angers you.

The methods that poets show in dealing with fact and truth where these obstruct or oppress, form an instructive page. Tennyson, full of the scientific spirit, made gracious submission or forgot them; Shelley railed against them, and affection came to him in the stress of battle as Thetis came to Achilles; Shakespeare put a great many hateful facts into his Iagos, etc., and into Falstaff — each time with a kind of laughter touched with pity for Falstaff, and with anger and pity also for Iago, since affection has a quality all its own by which it defies the moralist.

Intellect and the senses and temperance: there is yet another sign of the true poet — fantasy. Though a poet should not deny, or yet submit to fact, why should he not imagine a paradise in which with conscious and deliberate purpose facts are rearranged and the world's laws turned topsy-turvy so as to give fair play to the life of the affections? Yet, even here, neither the poet nor his readers can permit themselves to be deceived. It is part of my enjoyment of Virgil to know that Venus, when she talks with Æneas and gives her mother-counsel, is not really a young girl of nineteen, or in fact Venus at all, for it is honest fantasy and deception practised with my eyes open and the poet and I coöperate; but at other times I expect the poet to think straight, neither deceiving nor being deceived.

Tennyson and Wordsworth and the rest had little fantasy, their respect for fact and the laws of truth kept them locked up fast in their prison. That is why they could not write drama; drama which, of the right kind, is all fantasy and dream and the licensed extravagance of the freed imagination.

January 19, 1916.

When a poet writes with high enthusiasm for duty and moral ideas and 'uplift,' he loses all his royal liberty of choice and becomes a slave and the eloquent servant of his age: Wordsworth, for instance. I find that in reading Wordsworth I have always made a practice quite unconsciously of hurrying over the ethical part and read with attention only certain things said, as it were, accidentally or incidentally in these great and much-admired passages. I used to think that this was a fault in myself, and that I ought to have responded when I did not respond. I now know differently; the poet in me was offended. I would not have humanity, which has come into all its rights by virtue of poetry, speak with this artificial and ashamed kind of speech.

Browning is a great sinner after this fashion; he is always an ethical fellow, and he is popular because he persuades people that he likes it, and that everyone ought to like it. That line of Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, 'Stern daughter of the voice of God,' is merely Old Testament rhetoric. You cannot put the Ten Commandments into poetry any more than you could the fifth Proposition of Euclid. Wailing and lamentation and anger at hard necessity as of a spirit in exile is poetry, and it is that of the great masters. Man should be free as everything should be free, and must abate none of his pretentions. That is the creed of poetry. Wordsworth and such like are slaves, and their language is that of slaves — namely, rhetoric. They are not uttering themselves, they are preaching and exhorting their fellow slaves and flattering their masters. To read Wordsworth is to sink back into willing captivity and lose your pride.

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September 20, 1917.

I believe that the future of poetry will concern itself more and more with psychology. We are becoming tremendously interested in each other and in the drama of life. We used to divide people into the sheep and the goats, and that ended it. We are now all abroad in the world of speculation, and we look to the poets, for we want not merely to know. We can leave knowledge to the men of science. We want to feel or, rather — since we do feel, as is shown by the passionate interest, almost too great for endurance, with which we watch in the newspapers, and in novels and stories, the fate of sinners and their disastrous histories — we look to the poets that they may, by some 'heavenly alchemy' touch these feelings so as to make them creative and not as now a mere barrenness and an exhaustion.

Of late I have been constantly reading Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and I feel that he was intensely interested in psychology, and that he accepted none of the conventions. In appearance he did so, but not in reality.

January 10, 1917.

Poetry is the champion and the voice of the inner man. Had we not this champion to speak for us in the gate, externality would swamp the world, and nothing would be heard but the noise of its machinery, of its wheels and pulleys and their deafening uproar, and in its loneliness the inner man would be almost extinct, not entirely so since he is one of the immortals.

We profess to represent the whole of the inner man, and we give only part of it. Even Tennyson enervates and the American poets, except when they take to shouting with Whitman, seem to have no other object than the joys of a pensive enervation. To read much in them is to experience a sudden loss of dignity and courage. With them I contrast Blake, in whom I find all that delights in the poets that enervate, but my dignity does not suffer, and my energies are not weakened. Though there is much sounding of the trumpet, the flute notes are not lost, but are there all the time with their penetrating sweetness, and the whole man rejoices. I do not complain of any violent assault being made on me by these other poets, that is not their way, but I am drugged with some pleasant opiate; and these poets themselves are aware of it, for thence comes their predilection for the shouting Whitman.

Meantime, here we have this external world. It is impossible for me to do justice in words to its power and splendor. It has captured G. B. Shaw so that he can see nothing else, and all the newspapers work for it, partly that they are in its pay but chiefly that they love it. Now the machinery of this vast and intricate world is driven by the animal in man — this blinded animal, strong and blind as Samson, toils mightily in the mills, and G. B. Shaw and everyone else tells us that they are the mills of God. And perhaps they are — I know not except that we cannot or will not do without them; yet I and those of us who have not been like Samson, blinded, will not work in them. All this terrible unrest, those anarchists and socialists, are part of this world, and a sign that matters are not going very smoothly in these 'Mills of God' among these blinded people.

As to Whitman, no doubt he does not enervate; he only deceives, filling his readers with a kind of windy conceit of themselves, so that windy conceit is now accepted among the cardinal doctrines of a true democracy. Yet he is a great deal more than this, for though he is not the poet, he

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is the bard, the prophet (which we are told is not the man who predicts, but the man who speaks out), and he is emphatically the voice and the champion of the man, occupied with externality. If Rachel, bereaved of her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not, could be induced to go forth and rouse all bereaved mothers to listen to her voice and share her thoughts, she would have been their bard and the bard of all bereaved motherhood. Had she been left to her own sorrow and to a loneliness into which no one else could enter, not God himself, and had the gift of utterance been bestowed upon her, she would have become for all time the *poet* of bereaved mothers.

Well, I do not know how to say what I would say, but I remember Blake's doggerel: 'A picture should be like a lawyer presenting a writ,' and Bacon wrote that it is not enough that a thing be beautiful, it must be wonderful.

The Irish Statesman

DREAMS

BY ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL

DEAD leaves that scatter in the wind,
You once were green.
Faint scents that bring old loves to mind
That might have been.
Years have forgotten you, and yet
You stir between.

Old notes of song, those bygone years
Once heard and knew,
Weak, striving things that move to tears,
As dream songs do:
You weave a subtle discontent;
Ah! why do you?

Dream loves that creep into the heart,
Who loves you so.
You rest with us awhile, then part,
Why do you go?
The hours are vain and weary then,
As well you know.

The Anglo-French Review

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A NEW SHYLOCK

BY W. L. COURTNEY

MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH'S signal success as Shylock at the Court Theatre has, I see, raised all the old controversies concerning the character of the Jew and his behavior in *The Merchant of Venice*. Two things always astonish one in Shakespeare's treatment of this much-discussed play. The first is his knowledge of Italy, and the second is his appreciation of certain aspects in the Jewish character. Gobbo, for instance, is a genuine Venetian name; and Shakespeare also knew that the Exchange was held on the Rialto Island. And the other passage which seems to indicate that our Elizabethan dramatist had a personal acquaintance with the city of lagoons is the directions given by Portia to her servant Balthasar with an important message to Padua, bidding him ride quickly and meet her at 'the common ferry which trades to Venice.' Such intimate acquaintance with the topography of the place would only belong to a man who had seen with his own eyes — so, at least, it is argued — some of the scenes which he depicted.

But the really marvelous thing is Shakespeare's knowledge of the Jewish character. One would have thought that such a study was impossible in England, for no Jews were permitted by law to reside here since their expulsion, which was begun in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion and completed in 1290. It was not till Cromwell's time that the embargo was removed. In Venice about this time there were more than 1,100 Jews. Ben Jonson, in the fourth act of his *Volpone*, tells us that the first procedure of a traveler who arrived in Venice was to rent apartments, and his second to apply to a Jew dealer for the furniture. In this way some opportunity would be offered, which was wholly lacking in England, of studying Jewish idiosyncrasies, and that is sometimes urged as another reason why Shakespeare must have visited Italy.

What Shakespeare has done in *The Merchant of Venice* is precisely what a number of enthusiasts do with regard to famous or infamous characters like Nero or Richard III. He has accepted the facts at their face value and has sought to go beneath them to discover the real lineaments of humanity buried under a mountain of prejudice. The ordinary Elizabethan regarded the Jew as an outcast, as a man capable of a variety of different crimes, as a usurer at an exorbitant interest, as an enemy of the human race, only of value to necessitous noblemen and others who could extract from him some of his ill-gotten wealth. We may be sure that the sympathies of an Elizabethan audience were entirely with Antonio, with Gratiano, with Bassanio, and they would not think to criticize the extraordinary injustice with which Shylock was treated, and the sad lack of good breeding among his persecutors.

Bassanio, who goes out of his way to assure Portia that he is a gentleman, is a man whose primary desire to marry the lady of his choice is based on the fact that she could relieve him of his debts. Gratiano in the Court scene is an amusing and worthless little cad, no more and no less; while it is the solemn and dignified Antonio who decides that part of Shylock's punishment must be his conversion to Christianity. Conversions of this kind could hardly have been considered very serious matters if Lorenzo and Jessica and Launcelot could make a jest of the future that awaited Jessica now that she had abjured her father's tenets.

Shakespeare has been at work here, as on many other occasions, as a psy-

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chologist. Was the Jew as black as he was painted? The poet had before him Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, a devil incarnate. Barabas is represented at the opening of the play as sitting in his counting-house with piles of gold before him, and reveling in treasures which it takes a soliloquy of some fifty lines to enumerate piece by piece. Barabas is a Jew, a usurer, and, like Shylock, he has a daughter who is in love with a poor Christian, and, again like him, he thirsts for revenge. But he is not a man at all; he is a monster. After his ill-treatment by the Christians he becomes a criminal. He uses his own daughter as an instrument for his revenge, and then poisons her, together with all the nuns in whose cloister she has taken refuge. He talks, at all events in the earlier acts, in the magnificent language of Marlowe; in the later acts he is just a fiend in a fairy tale. And notice that most of his allusions in his speeches, his images and his similes, are drawn from classical archæology.

One of the points which prove how carefully Shakespeare studied the character before him is that he puts in the mouth of Shylock allusions to the Hebraic Scriptures, and lays stress on that quality of the Hebraic nature, which might be at once so useful and so dangerous, a careful adherence to a bond once signed. The Jew is ugly enough, rancorous enough, but he is veritably human. We cannot laugh at him as our Elizabethan forefathers could when he goes mad over his daughter's defection, and gloats over the ruin of Antonio's ships. We listen with something akin to sympathy when he recites his various claims to be a man like other men, to have organs and senses like theirs, to suffer when he is wounded, and secure his revenge when his opportunity comes. And for this reason there attaches to his figure a sort of dignified melancholy, the proud bearing of a man who, whatever might be the conduct of these Christian husbands, knew that he was mentally their superior, and cherished in his heart the memory of his dead wife. The only difficulty is that if we lay too much stress on the humanity of Shylock, and on his claims to our sympathy, we are apt to upset the real balance of the play. For with the Jew treated as a hardly-used martyr the play becomes a tragedy instead of — as the fifth act shows us was the author's intention — a joyous comedy with a background of danger and distress.

If Burbage played the Jew with a red wig, and suggested more or less a comic personality, it is quite impossible for any modern actor to do so. The times have changed, the social conditions are wholly different, our interest in psychology leads us to an entirely different plane of study. On November 8, 1879, Henry Irving produced *The Merchant of Venice*, and gave a presentation of the character of the Jew which made the deepest impression on his contemporaries. He provided a background to the action, which was striking and natural, and yet unobtrusive. Of course, constant attention has been paid by various theatrical managers to the trial scene, and actor after actor has contributed something or other to the fidelity or the dramatic value of the representation.

Henry Irving found something new and striking. He included in the crowd of spectators in the trial scene a knot of eager and highly interested Jews. On them the sentence condemning Shylock to deny his religion fell like a thunderbolt, especially as it was succeeded by an explosion of popular wrath on the part of the Christian spectators as the immediate result of

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the trial. But of course the most striking thing in the performance was the presentation of Shylock himself. Here we had a noble victim, a victim not devoid of grace, possessed of uncommon dignity, with a voice whose occasionally tender tones as contrasted with his fierce outbursts of wrath accentuated the tragic pathos of the whole story. The final exit of the Jew was one of the most impressive things of all. He left the stage crushed, defeated, wounded in his tenderest emotions, a hero in ruins, humiliated, hopeless, and undone. After this the fifth act of playful comedy seemed almost a mockery. We were in no tune to listen to the gallantries of Bassanio, or even the beautiful scene between Lorenzo and Jessica after so stupendous a downfall.

Clearly, if this interpretation were pressed too far, it would be a departure from the real intention of the dramatist. Mr. Moscovitch gives us no reasons for liking the hero, except that he is a fine dominant creature, whose personality seems to overpower all the other characters. But he does not care to lessen or smooth over any of the ugly elements of the Jewish protagonist, and he emphasizes that particular quality which undoubtedly runs through the whole temperament. Passion is the kernel of his nature. It is passionate application that has given him his riches; it is passionate energy which explains every calculation and enables him to feed his hatred and work out his revenge in detail. He may be avaricious, but money is nothing to him in comparison with his desire to get even with his enemies. That, undoubtedly, is a true Shylock, a man to be feared and repelled, an Ishmaelite with his hand against every man's, because Christian men have turned him into the brute that he is.

The Daily Telegraph

TRAVELING IN ITALY

BY EDWARD STORER

TRAVELING is nearly always dramatic in Italy. In almost any compartment of the train you may happen to take one or more dramas will unfold themselves. Possibly, if you travel first class, you will journey more monotonously, more glacially. But in a second, or, better still, in a third class compartment, you will be sure of something exciting happening. Some one will tell his life story, there will be a passenger to regale the company with some strange happening in his native town, a dispute will arise, or the controller will find a soldier trying to ride on an ordinary train when he knows he ought to take the military *tradotta*. This latter incident is almost sure to happen on any journey of one hundred miles or so, especially now that discipline is a little relaxed. The soldier incident will provide interest for quite a long time. Some of the company will side with him and against the railway inspector, whose duty it is to make the soldier get down at the next stop and wait for the military train, which, like all military trains, will probably pass seven or eight hours later at some genial hour like three of the morning. Nearly the whole carriage will side with the soldier more or less vociferously and, according to his luck, he may be allowed to stay where he is till the next inspector comes along, or be turned out.

Italians expect drama when they are traveling, and look to one another for entertainment on the journey. They feel quite injured if people just sit still and read their papers. They usually avoid a carriage where there is a priest or friar, as these for some reason are supposed to prognosticate a

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dull journey. The middle and lower class Italian regards a train journey much in the light of a visit to the theatre. I rather suspect a foreigner sitting quietly in a corner has much the same effect on him as a priest or an old lady, though old ladies can be very lively sometimes in Italian trains. The foreigner, for him, is a poor benighted being with a guide book, who can't speak Italian, much less be diverting. However, trains in Italy are very few and crowded nowadays, and one must get in where one can, whether there be friar or foreigner or President Wilson himself sitting in the corner.

With practice and good will the foreigner may learn to acquit himself tolerably well in an Italian train. It is quite an art, and the master of it feels rather contented with himself. There is a whole code of small etiquette to learn. He will never be able to carry the thing off like a real Italian, if only for the question of the dialects. He cannot possibly hope to make a *bella figura* if he is suddenly confronted with a stranger whose talk he cannot understand. And it is above all necessary to make a *bella figura*, or cut a good figure, as we say, when you are traveling. Just as necessary as on the stage.

I don't know how many dialects there are in this wonderful country, but, hazarding a guess, I should say not less than fifty principal ones, with a hundred subdivisions. Some of the most genial and amusing men I have ever met in traveling spoke dialects which were almost incomprehensible to me. You may know Italian very well, but you will not understand much more than the drift of a Bolognese's conversation, while the wit of a Neapolitan will all be over your head. Even the Italians themselves do not understand all the dialects, but when they don't understand, they pretend to. In the Rome province alone, there must be a score of dialects, which are not only debased Italian, but contain ancient Italic words. Two villages ten miles apart may have distinct dialects, though, of course, the natives of one will quite readily understand the natives of the other. The northern dialects with their German-sounding words are very hard for a foreigner to grasp. Yet they are spoken by thousands, millions, indeed. The old rich Milanese families always speak Milanese in their homes, and only Italian when a visitor comes.

As travel for the Italians, especially those of the middle and lower classes, possesses something of the adventurous, they are always particularly well-mannered in trains. Not, indeed, that they are not always well-mannered, but this train politeness is a special thing. It is a genialness of people going to the theatre together. There is no such thing as a passenger's 'rights,' his right, for instance, to have the window open or shut if he faces it according to his pleasure, his right to the exact space allotted to him in the carriage. The philosophy seems to be: 'now we are in for an adventure which may be troublesome, but let's try and make it as jolly as possible.' The difference with France is remarkable. The French travel as if preparing for a combat, the English as if on a boring job, but the Italian travels as if at the play.

Traveling in France a few months ago, I witnessed a trifling incident, which, coming as I had from Italy, much impressed me. A French lady had had a corner seat reserved for her in the train. Someone else was sitting in it when the controller came along and indicated it to her. The intruder, of course, took another place, and the French lady sat down already unneces-

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sarily furious. In the rack above her seat were some traps belonging to another occupant of the carriage. These the Frenchwoman pushed brusquely along the rack, declaring tartly that that place, too, belonged to her. Coming from Italy, I was quite shocked at her unnecessary violence. In no part of Italy could such a thing have happened. Any Italian would have turned round the carriage to find the owner of the offending articles, and would have graciously asked permission to move them, or not finding the owner, would have made a word of apology to the company. A trifle, of course, and also largely a question of nerves.

Traveling in Italy of course has its drawbacks. Trains are often unbearably over-crowded, and keep anything but regular time. Since the war, owing to the coal shortage and the disrepair of the rolling stock, there are usually only two trains a day to anywhere. Owing to the distances and the gradients, journeys are slow, and it somehow nearly always seems to happen that your train goes at some awful hour like 1.30 A.M. or 4 A.M. People are very patient, perhaps too patient. I have wondered how many English people would travel all night standing up in the corridor, or sitting on their luggage in the corridor of a second-class carriage, and yet be bright and smiling in the morning. Yet that is a common thing here. To secure a seat in a long distance train, say from Rome to Milan, it is not excessive to arrive at the station an hour and a half or two hours before the train leaves. In fact, it is only prudent.

In the 'thirds' everyone travels with a flask of wine, and in the 'seconds' also there will be a number of travelers so equipped. One replenishes the flask *en route*, and has the joy of tasting the wines of the different provinces.

Traveling from Rome, say, to Venice, one may sample the wines of half a dozen regions. One begins, let us say, with a flask of white wine from the Alban hills, the ordinary wine of Rome. This is very delicate, and unless the traveler consumes it within an hour or so, the traveling will make it undrinkable. At Orvieto, there is a richer golden wine, done up in small flasks — a noted liquor. If the traveler be so tired or thirsty, that he cannot wait until he gets to Florence, he may sample Chianti at Chiusi, for he is already in Tuscany. If he has been so hasty and anticipated Florence, he must content himself with just a glass of strong Chianti at this stop, because, after all, it is a long way to Bologna, where there is a deep red wine, strong and rather sharp, 'black,' the natives call it. At Ferrara, he may — if it be advisable — taste the light rather acid wine of Romagna, while at Padua he will find the wine of Verona. Of course, if he be a disciple of Pussyfoot, there is nothing to prevent him drinking water or lemonade all the way.

Traveling in military trains, or *tradotte*, is another kind of traveling. Here the soldier leaves all account of time. The trains from Schio, where the Trentino front began, take a week to get down to the boot of Italy. *Tradotta* travel is altogether a remarkable kind of thing. The trains often pull up in the middle of a field for two, three, or four hours without any apparent reason. If it is daytime, the soldiers get out and roam about the country, sometimes paying a visit to the nearest village if it is not too far away. A bugle sounds vigorously two or three times before the train starts on its journey again, and at this signal one sees the soldiers running across the fields to catch their train. The *tradotta* often makes these lengthy stops in the middle of the night in order — so the

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soldiers say — that the colonel who travels with them may have a sleep. It may be so.

The New Witness

MR. SHAW DOES HIS BIT–TEREST*

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

THERE is much in the new volume of plays by Mr. Shaw which is familiar stuff to those who read him with regularity: the agile, not to say gymnastic, young woman hotly pursuing a mate and an assured income; the sudden introduction of movement, not by development of the theme or the characters, but by setting the people of the play suddenly to squealing at each other or creating a disturbance of some sort; the Englishman so steeped in self-sufficiency that he can never realize that he is in the wrong, and so is invariably in the right; and, most characteristically of all, the impish intrusion of Mr. Shaw himself on to the stage with the barest pretense that he is a character in the play, very much in the manner in which Fielding intruded into his own novels without even Mr. Shaw's pretense that he was a character in them. The comic Englishman, perhaps, is not quite such good fun when he is Captain Edstaston in *Great Catherine* as he was when he was Tom Broadbent in *John Bull's Other Island*, because Mr. Shaw had drawn him more farcically. The fact that the comic Englishman is as mythical a being as the comic Irishman need not trouble us much; all that we demand of him is that he shall be comic; and my complaint against Captain Edstaston is that he is not comic enough.

Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Wells nor Mr. Galsworthy nor any other modern writer who spends much time in attacking the man bred in the public school tradition and stiff with good form and stupidity has ever succeeded in exposing him with one quarter of the skill with which he was exposed by Shakespeare. If anyone imagines that he can improve on Marcus Brutus in *Julius Cæsar* as the prototype of the born muddler and perfect gentleman, I implore him to disabuse his mind of that fallacy as speedily as possible. It was Brutus who, against the pleas of Cassius, insisted that the life of Mark Antony should be spared. It was Brutus, who, disregarding the dissuasions of Cassius, permitted Antony to speak in the forum. It was Brutus, over-ruling the arguments of Cassius, who ordered the march to Philippi!

If Brutus may be taken as a fair representative of the born but gentlemanly fool, Cassius may also be compared to Mr. Shaw in many respects, physical and spiritual:

> He reads much;
> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men.

The comparison cannot be closely drawn, for Cassius loved no plays and heard no music, and he smiled with considerable difficulty; but it is close enough for our purpose here, and if Cassius feels sometimes that he has lived 'to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,' he can comfort himself with the reflection that he was in the right when Brutus was in the wrong, and that he told him so.

There are six plays in this book, of which five are, as Mr. Shaw himself describes them, *bravura* pieces. They need not detain us long. *The Inca of Perusalem* and *Augustus Does His Bit* are very good fun, even if some of it sounds like a slap in the face. *O'Flaherty, V.C.*, is not quite such good fun as these two are, but it is amusing

**Heartbreak House, and Other Plays.* By Bernard Shaw. Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*

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enough. *Annajanska* is very poor fun, and perhaps it is sufficient to say of *Great Catherine* that whereas the Empress, after reading Tacitus, began to see '*plus de choses en noir*,' she would, if she were alive to read this play about her, begin to see red.

The important play is *Heartbreak House*. It is in three acts, and is described as a 'Fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes.' The whole of the action takes place in the course of one afternoon and evening, inside six or seven hours, soon after the war began. There is, however, no mention of the war in the play, and the only link between them is the sudden interruption of the conversation in the last act by an air-raid, as a result of which two of the characters are blown to pieces by bombs. One's first impression of this scene is that it is very clumsily contrived, but a second reading of the play removes this impression; for *Heartbreak House* is less of a play than it is of a parable. The bombs drop as suddenly, and with as little warning on the gifted conversationalists sitting in the dusky garden, as the war burst upon Europe. There we were, all of us, living pleasantly, as Burke begged us to live, and carelessly committing our affairs into the hands of men concerning whose abilities to conduct them we had no certificates — and suddenly the ship went on to the rocks, the train ran off the rails, the floor collapsed. 'I'm always expecting something,' says Ellie Dunn, in the last act. 'I don't know what it is; but life must come to a point sometime.' And while she and her companions are arguing about the responsibility for the mess in which the world is, bombs drop out of heaven, and life comes to a full stop:

Hector: And this ship that we are all in? This soul's prison we call England?

Captain Shotover: The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch-water; and the crew is gambling in the forecastle. She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favor of England because you were born in it?

Hector: Well, I don't mean to be drowned like a rat in a trap. I still have the will to live. What am I to do?

Captain Shotover: Do? Nothing simpler. Learn your business as an Englishman.

Hector: And what may my business as an Englishman be, pray?

Captain Shotover: Navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned.

Heartbreak House, Mr. Shaw writes in his preface, 'is cultured, leisured Europe before the war,' and the play, which is much better than the preface, fits that description very neatly. It is his thirty-first play, and I am near in mind to call it his best play. It certainly is the most bitter and wildly comic piece he has yet composed. When, in due time, it is performed, it will, I am sure, fill the theatre with explosions of laughter as loud as the explosions of the bombs with which the piece concludes. But it will be mad laughter and bitter, self-mocking, torturing laughter. I knew a man who burst into peals of laughter when he saw one of his comrades being blown into the air by a German shell; but if anyone imagines that that man's terrible mirth leaped out of an unkindly heart, they imagine without understanding; for 'even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.' I feel about *Heartbreak House* exactly as I felt about the man who laughed when his comrade was dismembered: that here is a depth of feeling which cannot be fathomed. Like Job, Mr. Shaw cries out, 'changes and war are against me,' but, unlike Job, he finds no comfort in the end. 'If men will not learn until their lessons are written in blood, why, blood they must have, their own for preference.' As for him, he throws up the sponge. Our culture is but the

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plaything of careless fribbles, our democracy is merely government by fools. 'The question is,' said Boswell to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Cambridge, 'which is worst, one wild beast or many?' The answer is, 'Both,' says Mr. Shaw.

The preface deals less justly with its subject than does the play. Mr. Shaw is not exempt from common prejudices, but 'a common prejudice,' as Dr. Johnson said, 'should not be found in one whose trade it is to rectify error.' It is not true that 'our civilians' manifested very little feeling over the 'appalling slaughter of our young soldiers at Neuve Chapelle and the Gallipoli landing,' but became frenzied with rage when they heard of the sinking of the Lusitania, and went about exclaiming, 'Killing saloon passengers! What next?'

> 'Killing saloon passengers! What next?' was the essence of the whole agitation; but it is far too trivial a phrase to convey the faintest notion of the rage which possessed us. To me, with my mind full of the hideous cost of Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, and the Gallipoli landing, the fuss about the Lusitania seemed almost a heartless impertinence.

That passage is grotesquely untrue. The essence of the whole agitation was the anger which decent men feel when an armed man attacks and kills an unarmed man, and the still greater anger which decent men feel when an armed man attacks and kills an unarmed woman and an unarmed child; and if Mr. Shaw really believes that the relatives of the crew of the Lusitania who mobbed and wrecked German shops in Liverpool went about their angry work shouting 'Killing saloon passengers! What next?' he can scarcely complain if less gifted men than himself believe equally incredible things. Nor do I think Mr. Shaw deals fairly by the British soldier when he invites his readers to believe that he was the compelling force which caused theatre managers, between 1914 and 1918, to fall over each other in their haste to get into the gutter. Soldiers went to entertainments in London which would have been hooted off the stage of a Divisional Concert Party, not because they wanted to go to them but (*a*) because their civilian relatives took them to such things, and (*b*) because there was nothing else to go to. Mr. Shaw knows very well that while his own plays have not been performed in the ordinary way in London during the war, they were performed in France before enthusiastic audiences of soldiers; and it is a poor return to make for their support to charge them with bebauching the London theatre. It is statements such as these which make Mr. Shaw suspect in the minds of ordinary men. I remember that on the first occasion I heard him lecture, a lady in his audience asked him if he believed in the Immaculate Conception. 'Of course I do,' he replied; 'I believe that all conceptions are immaculate!' The lady was so paralyzed by this reply that she sat down without pointing out to him that the Catholic Church believes in the Immaculate Conception on the assumption that all other conceptions are *not* immaculate. Some of the arguments used by Mr. Shaw in his preface to *Heartbreak House* are on the level of his retort to the inquiring lady. It is fortunate that the play is not.

The Observer

OBJECTIONABLE PEOPLE

BY R. W. JACKSON

I AM a mild and catholic-spirited person, not by any means squeamish or fastidious — if I know myself aright — nor greatly given to umbrage

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and repugnances. The Apostolic injunction —'as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men'— I find in the main easy of attainment. I have a distinct gust and relish for bigots, and at the same time a far-away kind of admiration of the cross-bench mind. I am completely astray in anatomy, but I have always had a special ignorance of the locality and the functions of the spleen. I carry a large umbrella. I can dine impartially with Tory, Radical, or Socialist, with the carnal or the vegetarian. I am a hybrid of Ulster and Connaught, an amalgam of Puritan and Prelatist. I carry no grudges, no vindictiveness. Having suffered many things in my boyhood from his tragic cleverness, I do freely forgive John Napier of Merchiston for discovering logarithms — I parted company with them years ago, but I reached this point of benevolence before our severance — I have no enmity toward the misguided person who decreed that there should be five and one half yards in one rod, pole, or perch; I have passed an Act of Indemnity on the eccentric individuals who invented cuffs and top-hats, and I have pardoned the father of Thomas Robert Malthus for begetting him. These things, I trust, show a humane and placable spirit. In fact, without wishing in the faintest degree to blow my own trumpet, or even a jew's-harp, I consider myself a kind of walking eirenicon, a sexton of hatchets, a turnkey of Janus. If the term could ever be applied to a solitary man, I would call myself œcumenical.

But there are limits. There are points where the digestion of an ostrich calls for a little bisurated magnesia, and there are frontiers to the prophetic powers of Mr. Horatio Bottomley. I cannot pronounce a universal absolution. I reëcho the first postulate of Euclid; I must draw the line somewhere. I do confess sundry antipathies.

Of the people who ruffle my equanimity and come perilously near awakening my pugnacity, the chiefest and most objectionable to me is the man who says: 'I told you so.' This is the only egoist I cannot away with. When one has made a more than ordinary fool of one's self, and is still struggling to keep a serene countenance, with the alluvium of the Slough of Despond yet cleaving to one's garments, to have a well-groomed person come along with a compassionate smile on his face, and say, 'I told you so,' is irksome and irritating to my particular flesh and blood. The old Adam in me, who generally remains moderately quiescent and tepidly Quaker-like, rises and asserts himself. There is a glimpse at such moments into my ancestry, Some forefather of mine was a Jingo, a fire-eater. He may have hobnobbed with Fox and Barclay, but his secret spirit was gladiatorial. The man who thus discomposes one with his obnoxious reminiscences is much more often wrong than right in his opinions. I have noticed it repeatedly, but it is no good telling him so. One might as well think of manicuring the horn of an exultant rhinoceros. One must eat humble pie as best one can. But on such occasions I sometimes feel — for a fleeting moment, just a fleeting moment — that if he and I were standing together, two lorn ghosts on the edge of Styx or Lethe, and I had the opportunity, I should love to push him in and hear the splash — if ghosts ever do splash. And I should immediately flit away. Hoping that he was a good swimmer, or that Charon or some other gentleman with a skiff was nigh at hand, I should immediately flit away.

There is another class of person only slightly less inimical and re-

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pugnant to me—those who are always thrusting their likes upon me. As a rule I can bear people's dislikes much better than their likes, for I am as fantastic as I am eirenical. Moreover, dislikes are generally much more dramatic and interesting than likes. Now there is my friend F—— who will read extracts to me when I am deep in my own pleasant book or magazine. Not content therewith he wants to know what I think of *that*. He bends forward to listen, his lips apart as in a crisis, and a steely glint in his eye. His whole attitude says: 'Now I have you. Here is a test case. If you don't flavor this, you are a barbarian, you know nothing of the esoteric and mystic delights of literature.'

These are my outstanding aversions. With these exceptions, and one or two minor dislikes, I am cordial and dulcet, I fain would think, to all men. But I must own to a few lesser antipathies. I dislike the man who cleans or cuts his nails in my presence. Why should I be made a spectator of these abrasions and whittlings, this digital scavenging? Why should n't he cleanse his teeth before me? Let him finish his toilet operations in private. Then there is the man who puts the tips of three gelid fingers into one's hand and calls it shaking hands with one. The art of hand-shaking indeed calls for a whole disquisition. My young friend H——, of the Admiralty, my one sub-link with the aristocracy, uplifts my hand to the level of my shoulder and gives it a mild, patrician agitation. D——, on the other hand, a local preacher, who has sorely damaged several pulpit Bibles, grips one like a vise; and one goes away as from a surgical operation. I forgive these two extremes, the princely and the plebeian. But those Laodicean fingers — my soul revolts against them. I never could summon up any enthusiasm about mermaids. They are too clammy. I would not willingly gird at another's infirmity; but the man who thrusts an ell-long ear-trumpet within a few inches of my mouth and expects me to speak into it is one whom I would gladly eschew. The sight of it numbs me. As I look down into it I feel that I ought to be Delphic and vaticinal. My sentences should be like extracts from Ecclesiastes. Only the mellowest wisdom should ever be trundled into such a receptacle. Whereas, nothing occurs to me at such times but the wildest absurdities, things which would give me a free pass to Colney Hatch. An acquaintance of mine nearly stone-deaf once told me that he thought his gains about equal to his losses. I had been struggling with some success to make him hear.

And after the last few years, if I may branch away from persons to things, I shall find it hard to take kindly to Teutonic things. Grimm's Law, which I once thought I nearly understood, has lost its enchantment. No German band will henceforth lap me in Elysium; and to the end of my days the mystic but gustful merits of a German sausage can never appeal to my patriotic palate.

To-day

LOVE AFFAIRS IN NOVELS

BY E. B. OSBORNE

I AM always falling madly in love — with the fair ladies created by novelists. Indeed, no novel with a 'love interest' can hold me till its finish if the heroine is not the kind of young person who makes me wish to be the hero and go to church with her in the last chapter. Confession is good for the soul, and, as it is not my business to review novels as works of art in the psychological manner now in fashion, no reader of

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this literary page will 'raise a horrible beef' (American colloquialism for complaining noisily — see George Ade's *Fables in Slang*, that priceless garden of transatlantic flowers of speech), or think me a fraud when I admit that I often get great pleasure out of very bad stories. When my study door is locked, and the children tiptoe past for fear of interrupting the business of inventing jewel phrases, and the little copper kettle sings joyously above the grumbling flames (as though it were Lazarus watching Dives down below), and a fresh bottle of Usquebaugh has been cannily uncorked, and there are also lemons and an untouched ration of sugar, and the Chiswick owls are rehearsing their mellow reduplicated plaint, and the League of Nations, and Sir Eric Geddes, and my last defeat at chess, and the catch I missed in a certain cricket match, and the beastly port (mere 'black-strap') I was fool enough to drink after lunch are clean forgotten, as if they had never been nor ever would be — then, ah, then, you picture me working deftly with the edged tools of rhetoric or deeply immersed in the works of the sages that have been. Alas! it is seldom so. The flesh may be willing, but the spirit is weak — and the odds are I am eagerly reading one of the novels thrown away by the official reviewer of novels (who practises his subtle craft round the corner) as being utterly unworthy of serious criticism. The worse it is, the better I seem to like it. And I own to a strange predilection for the story of the persecuted governess, which is, or used to be, one of the most popular forms of canned fiction — as it is two months since such a delicacy came my way, I fear it is not being so freely produced as in former days. Which reminds me that only production will save this country from bankruptcy. My heart throbs for the sorrows of that poor young gentlewoman who is so shockingly put upon by her uncultured employers and their objectionable offspring, and even by the servants. And joy comes in like a tidal wave and fills my heart to overflowing when she is loved at first sight by the handsome young man in rough tweeds and carrying a gun, whom she takes for a gamekeeper (else why should he carry a gun in the month of roses?). Well, I know who he is, if she does n't — the owner of 'The Hall,' of course, who has been so long absent on his travels that even the old curtseying dames in the village have forgotten what 'the young Lord' looked like. Eagerly I read on and on, awaiting the betrothal kiss by the old stile, and the revealing of the young man's distinguished identity, and the humiliation of the snobbish household, and the noble way in which the heroine smiles forgiveness at them and invites them all to the wedding. My eagerness is surely pardonable — for about half way through the story I have completely merged my own personality in that of the young man in rough tweeds and carrying a gun in the month of roses.

That is the secret of success in literary love affairs. You must learn how to identify yourself with the hero; you simply must; it is the only way. With practice it is quite easy; so easy that I have been John Ridd, Colonel Esmond, and Louis Moore in the space of a single week, and embezzled all their lawful ecstasies without turning a hair.

This form of love making has many advantages. It is economical as regards time, trouble, and money. At a single reading, in an hour or two, you pass through the whole gamut of a grand passion for the most adorable and various of other-worldly women. She comes and goes faithfully at your behest. Open the book she haunts, and she steals out in her white, ghostly per-

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fection. Close it, and she is gone, meekly and mutely awaiting a recall to do your pleasure. Somebody once compared women with bandits, to the disadvantage of the former — bandits take your money *or* your life, he said, but women take your money *and* your life, and even then are most dissatisfied. But it is not so with the heroines of fiction. All they ask, sweet souls, is that you should love them and wreak on them the rights of a blameless and impeccable polygamy (as Lady Castlewood said, we are all Grand Turks). There is also a secret zest of a most intriguing kind in these literary love affairs. You, perhaps elderly like myself and very far from decorative, are yet capable of making them unfaithful in a sense to the lovers provided for them in the way of authorship.

Here, in order of the favor I graciously accord to them, is my private list of favored heroines:

1. Shirley.
2. Beatrice.
3. Basia.
4. Olenka.
5. Rosalind.
6. Lucy.
7. Eustacia.
8. Margaret.
9. Diana.
10. Tess.
11. Bathsheba.
12. Imogen.
13. Lady Castlewood.
14. Nancy.
15. Barbara.
16. Lorna.
17. Dorothea.
18. Molly.
19. Perdita.
20. Jane.

Some readers may not be able to 'place' all these young women. It is Shakespeare's Beatrice who holds the honorable position of second favorite, and it is greatly to the poet's credit that four of his women have a place on my list, though Perdita is there really as a representative of the joyous race of flappers. Basia and Olenka came to me out of the Polish novels of Sienkiewicz; Basia is the gallant, rosy child, with gold hair, who is a miniature Mademoiselle de Maupin in her way, while Olenka is the grave beauty 'slender, with the quiet look of an ancient Psyche,' who turns Kmita's meteoric soldier-soul into the paths of patriotism. Rosalind was higher up a few years ago — the truth is that I am now a bit weary of her virile garb, having seen so many women of late straddling around in breeches. All very well, but you can have too much of a good thing. Eustacia is the girl, 'like music,' who is drowned in my favorite Hardy novel. Margaret is from *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and Diana's surname was Vernon. Nancy is from one of Miss Rhoda Broughton's ever-delightful stories. Barbara is the girl David Balfour ought to have married, instead of Catriona. Dorothea is George Eliot's creation, and Molly is Molly Gibson, as nice an English girl as ever slept between the covers of a Victorian novel. I should have included the heroine of Mr. Conrad's *Victory*, only somebody has stolen the book, and her name slips my memory, which is not as good as it was for ladies' names (except two or three). Jane is Jane Eyre, but I don't really care a pin for the creature. However, it was necessary to have a governess in for reasons which may be deduced from what has gone before.

There are small, subtle dangers in this cult of literary love affairs. It is said a certain ardent poet once imagined the presence of a Shakespearean lady so intensely that she turned up one morning in the flesh and boxed his ears soundly for his cheek, which happened to be unshaven. A story has also been told to me of a young man, who got so wrapped up in Tess that the girl he was engaged to refused to meet her engagements. Still these are but small and casual objections to a plan which I advocate as a form of national economy, for it is certain that more millions are spent on giving presents to women than are annually expended on beer and tobacco.

The Morning Post

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THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF STRIKES

BY F. J. C. HEARNSHAW

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the conclusion of international peace there appear all over the world ominous symptoms of the outbreak of industrial war. Never before within the era of recorded history have strikes been so numerous; never have they arisen on pretexts so manifestly trivial; never have they been conducted in so malignant a spirit; never have they shown themselves so hardly amenable to reasonable settlement; never have settlements when achieved given so little promise of permanent tranquillity.

One curious phenomenon which these lamentable social and economic conflicts present is that they are generally organized and led by men who made themselves prominent during the recent world-war as pacifists, who refused to render military service, who defended the extreme individualism of the conscientious objector, and denied the authority of the state to exercise the coercion of conscription. I call it a curious phenomenon, because the industrial strike is essentially an act of war. It is a belligerent attack upon the employers; it embodies a resort to force, as opposed to reason, for the determination of the points at issue; it involves the employment of militant methods — such as the elimination of non-unionists, the terrorization of blacklegs, and the picketing of dissentient workers — which are indistinguishable from conscription or martial law, and that without any concession to conscientious objection. To say this is not necessarily to condemn strikes, any more than it is necessarily to justify war. The conscience of the community held that both the deeds and the designs of the Germans in 1914 made it a matter of duty to resist them even to the death. It may well be that the same communal conscience may find in the deeds and designs of capitalists and profiteers a similar justification for an industrial war.

All that I urge is that there should be a clear recognition of the fact that the problem of war and peace is the same in the two cases. All the arguments for international pacification apply with full validity to the prevention of the class war. It suggests a strange incapacity for coherent thinking to find the same persons advocating the formation of a League of Nations and the compulsory settlement of all disputes between states by means of arbitration, and simultaneously repudiating the authority of the government in economic affairs, and insisting on the retention by each individual trade union (even in nationalized industries) of the 'right to strike' in order to maintain its own interests, against the employers, against other groups of workers, against even the community at large.

The explanation of this anomaly is, I take it, that the pacifism of the labor extremist is not the pacifism of Christ, but of Karl Marx. The devotee of Marx objects, not to war as such, but merely to war waged for national purposes. He advocates arbitration, not as a universal substitute for violence, but only as a device applicable to disputes which he regards as of

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little importance. He opposes conscription, not from any abhorrence of the principle of compulsion, but solely because he wishes to coerce the conscripts himself into a different kind of army. He denounces war between states because it interferes with that war between classes on which his heart is set.

The deadly Marxian dogma of the 'class-war' is the root from which has sprung, and is springing, that fatal crop of industrial disputes that threaten schism to the nation and ruin to its prosperity. It is a dogma essentially anti-Christian, instinct with ethical error and economic fallacy. It proclaims the necessary antagonism of employees to employers; it asserts the uselessness and corruption of the capitalist order as a whole; it declines to recognize the importance of the parts played in production by captains of industry, inventors, organizers of markets, and the thrifty multitudes from whose careful savings the material for future enterprises is provided; it demands for the proletariat the whole of the wealth in the creation of which it performs but a subordinate function. Those who have been infected with the poison of the Marxian creed — atheistic, materialistic, irrational, inhuman — are necessarily revolutionists. Whether they call themselves advanced Socialists who wish to capture the government, or whether they call themselves Syndicalists who aim at the total destruction of government, they logically and avowedly aim at the subversion of existing society and the appropriation of the wealth of the world. The chosen weapon of their warfare is the strike. By means of it they hope to make the present organization of industry impossible. They foster it and employ it on every available occasion. They make it as destructive and widespread as they can. They intend to develop it ultimately into the grand 'general strike' which in one vast catastrophe shall bring all established institutions to the ground. To Syndicalists like M. Georges Sorel in France, Signor Labriola in Italy, and Mr. Tom Mann in England, the 'general strike' has become a mythological obsession, a sort of Armageddon, which is to inaugurate in a field of blood the proletarian Paradise. It is dangerous dreamers of this type, full of misguided enthusiasms and perverted zeal, who have captured the machinery of the great trade unions, and have employed it as the engine of their anti-political purposes. They have succeeded in transmuting the trade unions from peaceful benefit societies into industrial armies permanently mobilized for war. Their purpose is not the securing of conditions of labor which shall make for a stable tranquillity, but the fomenting of a chronic unrest which shall culminate in a revolutionary upheaval. The original object of trade unions was collective bargaining; under the deplorable influence of the new leaders this has been abandoned in favor of the organization of strikes.

In the early days of trade unionism, strikes, of course, were not unknown. The *ultima ratio* of regimented labor was from the first its power of withholding its services, and thereby of stopping the processes of industry. It was a power which it was necessary for the manual workers in corporate groups to possess; for experience had shown, particularly during the transitional period of the industrial revolution (1750–1850), that the isolated workman was economically weak, and was not in a position to hold his own in conflict with an unscrupulous employer. But the fact that this reserve of power was in existence was usually sufficient to adjust the economic bal-

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ance, and to secure an equality in bargaining between employer and employed which facilitated settlements and insured their observance.

Both the trade union leaders and the representative masters were agreed in the acceptance of the general organization of industry. None of them had any quarrel with the so-called 'capitalist system,' which is, indeed, the natural and proper method whereby the vast and generally beneficent world-economy of modern times has developed. It was a comparatively rare thing for collective bargaining to break down and for a trial of brute force to be instituted by means of the strike of the workmen or the lockout on the part of the masters. These industrial wars were recognized as mortally injurious to both the sides that were involved in them, and the sober leaders of the great societies had recourse to them only in the last resort. Their habitual reluctance to appeal to the arbitrament of the strike was increased by the disastrous failure of several of the great industrial struggles into which, against their better judgment, they were from time to time dragged.

All this, however, was changed when, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, the 'new unionism'—at first ultra-Socialist, then Syndicalist—began to supplant the old. The trade unions came to be regarded as convenient engines ready to hand for the enforcement of political programmes and the realization of social utopias. The strike, from being the weapon of last resort, was advanced to the forefront as the instrument of universal and instantaneous application. Hence the epidemic of 'lightning strikes' with which the world is at present afflicted.

That workingmen still have their disabilities and their grievances no one will deny. In spite of the unparalleled progress of the past century the conditions of labor, especially in our great industrial centres, are but too often intolerable to enlightened intelligence. I have no room here to discuss causes or apportion blame; suffice it to say that the causes are not simple, and that the blame is by no means to be laid all on one side. Even conditions which seemed satisfactory a generation ago are quite properly regarded as unsatisfactory now, owing to advance of knowledge and to a rise in the standard of living. The question then is: 'How can conditions be improved, and improved most rapidly and most generally?' There is an immense temptation to answer this question by saying: 'through the agency of the strike.' The temptation is strong, because many great strikes in recent years have appeared to achieve notable success. Again and again, miners, railwaymen, transport workers, engineers, and finally (in August, 1918), even the police, have gained by means of strikes large increases of wages, reductions of hours, privileges and prerogatives, concerning which they had long and vainly negotiated with employers and petitioned Parliament.

It is a matter of deep regret that, if the demands of these groups of industrial workers or public servants were just, they were not granted more speedily and in the course of constitutional procedure. It is a matter of still deeper regret that, if they were unjust and excessive, they were secured at all, at the expense of other sections of the community, by means of violence and terror. For it is the fatal defect of the method of progress by means of the strike—as it was of the old method of deciding judicial issues by means of single combat or trial by battle—that it is indiscriminate in its operation. Might takes the place of right, and the most flagrant iniquity can be enforced

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by the same means as the most reasonable equity. Moreover, it is a method open only to the comparatively small sections of the community that are capable, in virtue of their occupation, of high organization. It thus tends to benefit the few at the cost of the many, and to impose the will of the minority upon the majority. This is bad enough when it is limited to the sphere of economics; for it means that the community as a whole tends to be taxed to pay an unearned increment to favored monopolists.

When, however, the strike method is extended from the economic to the political sphere, and when a general stoppage of essential industries is threatened in order to compel the country to accept the programme of a particular party (heavily defeated at the polls), the position becomes impossible: the very existence of national democracy is at stake.

The successes of the strike method, however, though spectacular, are illusory. They resemble the successes which the Germans obtained in the early months of the war. They are due to superior preparation and to surprise. Just as the overwhelming onslaught of the drilled and well-equipped Teutonic hosts called forth from the victims an answering and in the end victorious counter-organization, so in the case of strikes the suffering community, working and middle class alike, will be driven to regiment and arm itself in order to save itself from exploitation and destruction, unless the government, that is, the League of Classes, is strong enough to curb the aggressors and to enforce social and industrial peace. If government is weak and allows its functions to be usurped by Triple Alliances and Soviets, then the circumstances of conflict and anarchy in which mediæval feudalism arose will be repeated, and modern civilization will go down in a ruin of misery and social war similar to that which overwhelmed the ancient world.

This brings us to the crux of the situation. Is modern civilization so hopelessly rotten and corrupt that it is beyond redemption? Is it necessary to sweep it all away and replace it by some such new ideal as Lenine and Trotzky are trying to realize amid the ruins of Russia? Yes, says the Marxian revolutionary, and he seeks to destroy what he calls 'capitalist society,' with all its churches and its states, by means of a shattering series of strikes. No, says the Christian democrat, who sees in the social and political evolution of the last 2,000 years a steady movement toward the good. He refuses to believe that all this time the world has been wandering unguided on wholly wrong lines. He holds that the same Christly principle of brotherly love which has transformed so many lives and purified so many institutions during the era of salvation is sufficient for the continued redemption and reform of modern society. He maintains that the modes of self-government provided by the modern democratic state are the proper and adequate means by which wrongs may be redressed and rights secured. Just as he looks to the superstate authority, or the League of Nations, to prevent future conflicts of peoples, so does he look to the authority of the national state, or the League of Classes, to obviate industrial war. He condemns the strike method as barbaric, and declares it to be as little justified in a duly constituted democratic state as would be an armed conflict between states in a properly ordered and federated world.

The London Quarterly Review

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TALK OF EUROPE

A RECENT *Handelsblad* prints the following article regarding the ex-Kaiser:

'What a totally different light the question of the trial and extradition of the German Emperor has gradually come to be regarded in since it first captured public interest here and elsewhere, after the Kaiser's astonishing flight to Holland. It seemed then as if the whole world desired his trial and would demand that we should hand him over to the international tribunal which was to be instituted by his enemies, in spite of the unwritten right of asylum, our pride in the past, and in spite of the constitution, law, and treaties which oppose his extradition. The whole world against us — thus the situation appeared to be when the Allied and Associated Powers in Articles 227 of the Peace Treaty openly arraigned Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for the gravest violation of international morality and the sanctity of treaties, and Germany, compelled by circumstances, put her signature to this act of arraignment.

'And now? One by one the accusers are falling off. America long since stated openly that she wished to have no part in the trial. The same was known of Japan. Belgium, the country that had the first right to raise an avenging hand, adopted the same standpoint. And now it appears, from the report of Signor Luzzatti to the Italian Parliament, that Italy regards the trial and extradition of the ex-Kaiser as in conflict with the law. France and England remain over. France is practically indifferent, while there are many people of authority in England who are firmly opposed to the trial. But Lloyd George has promised the trial to his constituents. Can we believe that he will be able to take the first step toward the fulfillment of this promise? The tribunal must be composed, not of Great Britain alone, but of the five Great Powers, of whom three are opponents of the trial. Not England alone, but the Allied and Associated Powers, the most important of whom acknowledge that they have no right to do so, must ask Holland to extradite the ex-Kaiser. It is inconceivable that they will now decide to do so. And should they so decide, because they have all put their signatures to the Peace Treaty, Holland, relying on law and treaty, will then refuse the extradition. And she will know that she has the whole world, not against her, but on her side.

'What a striking example of the force of moral principles, what a pleasing phenomenon in these sad times! In Article 227 of the Peace Treaty the moral basis was lacking, and for that reason it also lacks the moral authority which is necessary for its application. One cannot with impunity tread underfoot the two chief principles of modern criminal law. There must be no punishment without a fixed form of punishment beforehand — that is, before the crime has been committed. There must be no judge other than an impartial one, appointed independently of accusers or accused. Article 227 of the Peace Treaty was in direct opposition to these two principles, and for that reason it can never be applied.'

THE church of the Sacré Cœur, the great Byzantine basilica which dominates Paris from the height of Montmartre, has at last been consecrated. To the actual ceremony of the consecration, the public, according to the rules of the Church, were not admitted. The long and complicated ceremony, consisting of a whole series of mystic rites, was performed by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. These included a number of symbolic acts, such as the blessing of the water and salt, the sprinkling of the walls with holy water, and the threefold knocking at the door before admission is granted again, the spreading of a cross in cinders on the floor of the nave, on which the Archbishop traced the Greek alphabet in one direction, and in the other the Latin alphabet to serve as the symbol of Christ, the beginning and

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the end of all things. Then followed the blessing of the high altar by the Archbishop, and of the nineteen other altars in the church itself, and in the crypt by nineteen bishops. Finally, in the presence of the vast congregation that had been admitted to the church, decorated with the Tricolor of France, the holy relics were put in their appointed place, and after various other ceremonies came the celebration of Mass by the Papal Legate, during which the choir sang the *Messe Royale* of Dumont.

It was an impressive sight when the procession of cardinals and clergy made the circuit of the church in order to fetch the holy relics which had been placed in an oratory erected outside the west end of the church. A clear, bright morning had followed a stormy night, and the sun was shining full on the great southern portal that dominates Paris as there issued from it the long procession of lesser clergy and bishops in mitres and gorgeous vestments, followed by the six cardinals in scarlet robes with great trains of watered silk held up by scarlet cassocked acolytes. It was only a very limited number of spectators that was enabled to watch this gorgeous and impressive spectacle, for so great had been the demand for admission to the ceremony that even from the precincts the general public was rigorously excluded.

MIND AND MATTER

How wonderful the powers of poets be,
Commanding earth, and air, and fire, and sea!
They bade the hills and valleys laugh and sing,
They ordered them about!
And out
Of sheer conceit, one sought a mightier slave,
Bidding the deep and dark blue ocean roll!
It did as it was told.
It rolled.

Encouraged by success, they tried again —
Calling upon the lofty stars to shine;
And, soon as day had gone,
They shone!
So, in their sweet, soft light, selecting one,
'Twinkle,' a bard sang, 'Twinkle, little star!'
And saw it, acting on his wrinkle,
Twinkle!
Wonderful folk, these poet people are!

Wilford Gower.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Mr. R. Nagai is a well-informed Japanese publicist who has occupied political office.

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W. T. Goode is an English journalist and correspondent.

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J. B. Yeats, painter and draughtsman, author of *Life in the West of Ireland,* is a brother of the poet W. B. Yeats.

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Hilaire Belloc is the editor of *Land and Water;* **General Maurice** was once on the British General Staff; and **Colonel Repington,** author of the recently published *Vestigia,* is the military critic of the London *Morning Post.*

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W. L. Courtney is the editor of the *Fortnightly Review.*

* * *

W. L. George, feminist, critic, and novelist, is well known to American readers.

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EVENING ON THE RIVER

See how the water laps this boat of ours,
Here where the rushes, wading from the banks,
Hold green seclusion in their serried ranks,
And drowsy noontide loses count of hours.

See how the river shimmers in the sun,
Save where the wet weeds tangle in small bays,
Made by some jutting field whose grasses blaze
With buttercups whose reign has just begun.

And where we've moored our boat beside this tree,
The parted water scatters varied light.
Somewhere a fish glides shyly out of sight,
Somewhere a weir weaves a monotony.

The drone of bees sings to us from the fields;
The dancing gnats dip to the water's face,
And coax the rise of some stray, active dace
Whose splash disturbs, and then to silence yields.

Faint in the distance comes the sound of wheels,
Where wagons lurch along some narrow lane.
They top the rise, then lost to sight again,
Make keener felt the peace their absence feels.

Ah! Love, for you and me this place is good.
Most good that you and I know it so well;
Best, when at dusk we hear some village bell,
And watch the mists hang over copse and wood.

Aye! when we watch the mists that form and sink,
Dimming each field with thin and furtive white,
While hidden birds sing to the failing light
And cattle slowly seek the water's brink.

So in the twilight we untie the rope
To drift our easy way to where we land;
Full of the peace that none quite understand —
The peace that is the promise of a hope.

The Anglo-French Review

THE STAIR

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Dear, when you climbed the icy Matterhorn,
Or braved the couching green-eyed jungle night—
With heart exultant in the sheer white light
On the snow peak, or cowering forlorn
In the old Indian darkness terror-torn—
Had you no inkling on that crystal height
Or in the shuddering gloom, how on a flight
Of London stairs we'd meet one winter's morn?

And when we met, dear, did you realize
That as I waited, watching you descend,
Glad in the sunshine of your eyes and hair,
And you the first time looked into my eyes,
Your wanderings were done, and on that stair
I, too, O Love, had reached the journey's end?

To-day

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